THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

If Worst Comes to Worst

By *Rebecca West*

Who Owns the British Empire? — *Sir Norman Angell*

Preface to a Lost Battle — *Eve Curie*

Common Sense for Americans — *Upton Close*

A French View of the Debacle — *Odette Keun*

Latin Americans Are Not Fascists — *John M. Vebber*

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Peace, and Its Wily Preachers — *Clara Studer*

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UPTON CLOSE, who defines his view of what is *Common Sense for Americans* (p. 508), has written and lectured widely on foreign affairs. He contributed *Must We Fight Over Dutch Indies?* to the June 1940 issue of *The Living Age*.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, who gives the answer to *Who Owns the British Empire?* (p. 514), has often been among England's severest critics. The best known of his many books on world affairs, *The Great Illusion*, has been translated into Hindi, Bengali, Urdu, Marathi and Tamil as well as better-known languages. He received the Nobel Peace Prize for 1933. He was a cabinet member under Ramsay MacDonald.

REBECCA WEST'S essays, literary criticism and fine novels have been as widely read in America as in England. *If Worst Comes to Worst* (p. 525).

The genesis of that despair of the aims and methods of her British allies which made France an easy prey for the Pétain-Laval peace, was described by ODETTE KEUN in the February and June 1940 issues of *The Living Age*. Her *French View of the Debacle* (p. 531) is that it would have been better for all concerned if the English had known more about what the French were thinking, before it was too late. She is now living in London.

JOHN M. VEBBER, who argues that *Latin Americans Are Not Fascists* (p. 534), spent several years in South America, in the United States foreign service, and in newspaper work. He was a United Press representative in Paraguay during the Chaco War between Paraguay and Bolivia (1932-35) and is at present United Press Latin-American editor in New York.

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued)

EVE CURIE is, of course, best known to Americans for her biography of her famous mother. *Preface to a Lost Battle* (p. 540).

CHARLES M. MEISTER has seen *Under the Surface of the Balkans* (p. 542) as an Associated Press correspondent in Vienna and Budapest. He was a New York staff member of the Havas News Agency of Paris until its recent discontinuance, following the French capitulation.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH was formerly director and editor-in-chief of Wolff's Telegraphic Bureau in Berlin and knows Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop, *Hitler's Iago* (p. 548), at first hand. He is now a resident of London where he is an associate editor of *World Digest*.

I. ABEYTUA is a Spanish writer, now in Mexico, who is a regular contributor to *Hoy* from which *Spain Shouts for Gibraltar* (p. 552) is taken.

NICHOLAS BASSECHES is one of the many independent European journalists who have found a haven in Switzerland. In pre-Anschluss days he was Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Press* of Vienna. *Severed Poland* (p. 564).

CESCO TOMASELLI, who admires Germany's *Parachute Technique* (p. 575), is the Berlin correspondent of *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, one of the most influential newspapers in Italy. (Once liberal, it is now, of course, fascist.) He has been an editor of *Corriere della Sera*, as well as of *Gazzettino* and *Il Secolo*. He took part in the ill-fated North Pole expedition of the *Norge* in 1926 and of the *Italia* to King's Bay, and in the first exploration flight to Nicholas II Land (1928).

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

August 1940 *Volume 358, Number 4487*

The World Over

HUNDREDS of thousands of Americans, and a wide variety of organizations in the United States, have offered asylum to evacuee children, particularly English children, if they can be brought to this country before the invasion of the British Isles begins.

This is a heartening reaffirmation of the ready warmth of the nation's heart and its compassion for endangered youth abroad. Most of the applications come from families which would take one or two children into their homes and offer them the same care and training as we give American children. Many organizations established overnight to make arrangements for the reception of these children also advocate some such plan—that is, the haphazard distribution of these children into private homes all over the country. In England itself, that plan has proved a costly and inefficient dislocation in every way.

This plan appears unsound, and also more emotional than thoughtful. We also believe it is unfair in the extreme to the British (or other) parents of these children. At such a critical hour, no one has the right to make destructive criticism of any plan which may rescue children from Nazi bombs or give asylum to the most innocent of all refugees. The disposal of the children through private homes is not the only alternative to their remaining under the dangers of war for an indefinite duration. There is, we believe, a more constructive proposal (and one, incidentally, which *The Living Age* has cabled to the Home Secretary at London, and for the execution of which a committee is being organized in this country). The proposal is to establish country-

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school centers, staffed preponderantly by teachers, athletic instructors and matrons of British nationality. So far as it is possible, these country schools would continue these children in the English traditions and atmosphere with which they are familiar. The curriculum would be the same. The utmost effort would be made to retain a British bent to the "intangibles"—the social and cultural background of their tradition.

By such means, the children will suffer far less wrench, introduced to a foreign land thousands of miles from their homes, than if they are introduced, willy nilly, into American homes in which standards of living differ, and introduced into our American schools where the contrast with their own cannot be less than frightening.

This plan is, besides, infinitely fairer to the parents: when hostilities cease and the happy day of repatriation arrives, these children will not impress their parents as alien adolescents, become Americanized and unfamiliar. It is evident also that this plan averts the emotional hazards always present even in "temporary" adoptions. In most of the plans now under consideration, their sincere proponents overlook the very real likelihood of American foster parents becoming genuinely—and possessively—fond of their little interim guests.

As to practical methods of execution:

There is in this nation a superabundance of healthful sites for these country-school centers, in localities that are beautiful summer and winter. Soon after the United States declared war, in April 1917, training camp centers—complete as to housing, plumbing and provisioning facilities—appeared in a matter of days. That construction was the work, in the main, of private contractors. Today the nation has an army of 300,000 young men in its Civilian Conservation Corps, trained in carpentry, building and husbandry. In less than a month, a fraction of that trained army could build sufficient centers to care for at least 500,000 children. But it probably will be months before any such number of young evacuees could be shipped to this country.

These children would continue the same studies they had left off, and in after-hours there would be farm-work activities for those of sufficient maturity. Regular correspondence with their parents in England would be encouraged.

As it is, Britain has too many mouths to feed. The Government could send over here thousands of masters, teachers and matrons whose war service would be most effectively carried on through the instruction of British youth overseas and the preservation of British traditions. It could also, incidentally, send textbooks to make for continuity of instruction in these country-school centers. The Government could furnish the necessary ships for the passage of the children, and the costs of transportation.

Even without aid from the British treasury, the cost to this country of intelligent care of these children will be small and the social return great. The fact is that the cost, in everything but intelligence and care, is trifling. But such matters are not to be measured in money cost. Generous estimates place the cost per child per year at $200. We might add, too, that enthusiastic support of that solution has

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come from British nationals now in this country, including the British Scholars Committee, who are working night and day to hasten the arrival of these children.

We invite constructive suggestions from readers of *The Living Age*, as well as pledges redeemable when the plan is ready for operation.

Forewarning

WE SHOULD like to anticipate, doubtless only by a few days, the next German White Paper. In past months the Wilhelmstrasse has been even more prolific in publishing these official handouts than even the British Foreign Office, whose record in this field of letters has been appallingly voluminous for more than a century.

Up to now, the factual basis of most of these Nazi white papers has been, almost invariably, "documents" astonishingly (but regularly) discovered whenever Hitler has extended his benevolent occupation to a new country. For example, once Dr. Quisling bowed in the Nazi troops to Oslo, the German Foreign Ministry promptly discovered a lush variety of documents, presumably proving that Britain had planned the conquest of Norway many months before war began. Incidentally, that white-book performance was embarrassingly amateurish since it displayed not even a schoolboy knowledge of the fine arts of forgery.

Some few weeks ago, the Wilhelmstrasse published, in white-book format, a series of documents purportedly found in Warsaw after the Poles had fled. The burden of several of these documents was that Ambassadors Bullitt and Kennedy, at Paris and London, respectively, openly encouraged the French and the British to extend military guarantees to Poland, and that they thereby implicitly pledged the eventual intervention of the United States, if that became necessary. (If that is true, these pledges were of little avail to Premier Reynaud in the first week of June.) Both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull laughed off these allegations, as well as the "documents" themselves, although there was less scoffing among some Washington newspaper correspondents.

Well, there must be a wealth of material in Paris for Nazi white-book exploitation. The Paris Government left the capital in something more than unseemly haste, and it unquestionably left behind mountains of dossiers of incalculable value to writers of diplomatic fiction. An authentic signature here, and another pasted there, the superimposition of an official letterhead (that of the American Embassy in Paris, for example), a little retouching and transposition—by such deft devices you can "prove" anything you like, or that the Nazis like.

We must soon expect from the Wilhelmstrasse some utterly horrendous revelations concerning the conduct, say, of Mr. Bullitt. These may be formal memoranda written by the Ambassador to Premier Reynaud (or Daladier), promising the expedition by forced draft of the entire American navy to Brest, carrying half a million modern-day doughboys for a march on Berlin. Or other documents —designed to arouse Americans against any conceivably unfriendly gesture toward Germany—may in-

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form the world that Mr. Roosevelt, in a confidential aside to Mr. Churchill, made a secret arrangement to give him outright fifty billions; or personally to undertake the assassination of the Führer, or to give our secret bomb-sight to the Royal Air Force in token of our esteem.

Whatever it is, we earnestly hope Herr von Ribbentrop's next masterpiece, if he ties us into it, will be authentic melodrama, terrifying and raucous.

Wanted: a Mot Juste

ASIDE from more calamitous results, the war appears to be inflicting a kind of blitzkrieg upon the English language, as doubtless upon other tongues. But ours is the richest and most flexible of all tongues, and today it can no longer provide the apposite noun, verb and adjective to describe our reactions to the war. Adjectives connoting horror, incredulity, nausea, pity, frustration and fury have become so threadbare, so emasculated by reiteration, as to sound more impertinent and grossly inadequate than trite. None of them today sounds meaningful or thoughtful or laden with much more than superficiality, as though we were too weary of the noisome condition of the world to seek the precise word to express our feelings; in any event, tomorrow's events will be twice as gruesome. That is one of the strains to which language is subject, even one with more words in it than any other. Perhaps the precise word doesn't exist in the language. Some etymologist, with time on his hands, might perform a memorable service to his countrymen by devising a word—blunt, euphonically harsh, and exclamatory—expressing our vast horror, compassion and wrath.

The Middle Way

SWEDEN has come to the end of the road of her prized neutrality. The Swedes, after long decades of peace and prosperity, of a wealth of social legislation that was the envy of enlightened peoples, of close adherence to a "middle way" that elicited great admiration from Americans, now becomes an economic satrapy of Nazi Germany, without any say in her existence. A more detailed picture of the tragedy that has befallen the country is published in this issue on page 572.

Perhaps the moral to be drawn from Sweden's plight is too obvious and simple to be altogether applicable to the United States, save as a generality. Sweden believed that her neutrality could be preserved purely by domestic policy; the Stockholm Government, for example, had only to refuse to permit Allied troops to cross her territory to aid Finland and in so doing, by some astral abracadabra, neutrality was preserved. Today, without firing a shot in self-defence, Sweden is the prisoner of Hitler, dependent upon the Reich for food, and as much dominated by the Nazis as though the Baltic did not separate the two countries. The Swedes may well ponder the words, in the years to come, on July 9 last by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi ideologist:

"The ability to realize new truths will demand great character of the Scandinavian nations."

These "new truths" will spell for Sweden, Norway and Denmark —

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doubtless also for those other "neutrals," The Netherlands and Belgium —an economic serfdom that is absolute. These "Oslo Powers," once so proud of their political insularity, once believed they were removed from the outside world, isolated by their own special interests and pursuits and desires and that an abstract policy of neutrality could serve as a tangible deterrent to any potential invader. The cherished "middle way" has become the bitter road.

Plagiarist No. 1

THE MOST flawless example of unmitigated gall and political buffoonery we have recently encountered is a five-column streamer across *Der Angriff*, the personal organ of Dr. Goebbels, that reads, "Workers of the World, Unite!" This novel slogan serves as the captional décors for an article by Dr. Robert Ley, chief of the German Labor Front, baldly arguing that the world's workers should emulate those in the Soviet Union and overthrow their "plutocratic masters."

We don't so much mind Dr. Ley's ideological gymnastics as we do this nonchalant theft, word for word, from the Communist Manifesto. There are approved ways of committing plagiarism, as every writer knows, and there is also unadulterated larceny. At least, Dr. Ley might have changed the Marxian punctuation, or tossed in a synonym, to make his robbery less flagrant.

In past months, as *The Living Age* has observed before, the Nazi propagandists have gone to great pains to stress the "socialist" tag in their party label: this is good strategy, perhaps, although it might not be so effective directed at a people less credulous than the Germans. Evidently they are able blithely to forget or ignore the fact that, little more than a year ago, anything that smacked of socialism, and certainly anything that stemmed directly from Marx, was anathema as well as a convenient pretext for sanguinary purges. To judge by the German press today, the Nazis have convinced the nation that in 1933-39 they were merely engaging in persiflage. Nevertheless, in pilfering the Marxian battle-cry, without crediting the composer with an assist, that eminent littérateur, Herr Ley, is in a class by himself.

Gold

A CONCERTED effort is now under way in Germany to belittle, if not altogether decry, the value of gold. This is to be expected, since the Nazis have every intention of gearing all Europe and Latin America to the barter system; even before the start of hostilities, German salesmen were underselling American agents in South America and if, as seems likely in the extreme, the Nazis can absorb some of the huge and accumulating Latin-American surpluses after the war ends (surpluses the United States cannot digest), their system will make heavy inroads on American foreign trade.

Recently the *Frankfurter Zeitung* observed that "pure gold has not the importance it previously possessed. The new continental economy builds for the entire world an indispensable market which has the power to provide the world with all industrial products, while on the other hand being able to take raw materials, food

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and luxury products from overseas countries. Hoarded gold cannot set this economic barter exchange into motion, and even less replace it. Gold has been dethroned for some time as the basic standard. Commercial relationships already are being formulated independently of gold."

American economists will not agree with all of this; neither can all of it be dismissed. But, as Mr. Harry Scherman has emphasized in the *Saturday Evening Post*, as a medium of exchange readily acceptable everywhere, gold has been used by man for many centuries. His acceptance of it is not likely to be destroyed overnight by the operations of the cumbersome barter system. It may very well be that the amount of gold in this country, now immobilized by Washington, is dangerously high; and doubtless soon needed will be some gold-clearing machinery in the United States. But it does not appear that Hitler can succeed in outlawing, at one stroke, the use and arbitrary value of a yellow metallic element that for centuries has been as indispensable and familiar to man as the nose on his face.

The Gallic Quislings

THE D.N.B., the Nazi news service, has complete control today of all French news channels, and has had ever since the capitulation of Marshal Henri Pétain in June. Accordingly, to consider as gospel the reports ostensibly emanating from Vichy, or elsewhere in the late Third Republic, is to place excessive credence in fairy tales. The sentiment of the majority of the French people toward the present régime of malodorous stooges may not become known for months, probably not until hostilities have ceased.

It is naïve to read cables from France without the realization that not a word reaches this country until it has been weighed by the German censors, who almost certainly are distorting cables after they leave the correspondents' hands. The overtones of the most recent cables from France, via Berlin, are that the country is resigned to a corporative régime, and that France is satisfied that Pierre Laval is the man to head that régime, with occasional gratuitous advice from a dummy Parliament.

It may be safely said that this view is about as distant from the truth as it could be. True, the French are helpless. But the country will not long tolerate a dictatorial administration. The Frenchman of all classes, the Germans will learn, cannot produce under a rigidly centralized government: if he is to pay the enormous reparations that will be demanded, in one or another form, some latitude must be given him in the exercise of individual initiative. The French are no less capable of effective passive resistance than were the Germans in the occupied Rhineland. You cannot, as a matter of financial practicality, execute some 40,000,000 Frenchmen. Eventually, it may be added, the corporative "constitution" will be scrapped, although perhaps not without civil war.

Now as to M. Laval:

M. Laval has been a stench in the nostrils of the French peasantry and the middle classes from 'way back; more precisely, since the day, thirteen years ago, that he deserted the Socialists (in France, a much more moderate group than the label con-

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notes to us) and joined the cabinet of André Tardieu, whose name almost everywhere in the provinces provokes a short word that is conventional parlance in French but is less polite in translation; his implication in the Oustric and Stavisky swindles was plastered over the nation's press. M. Laval was the ideal collaborator in M. Tardieu's larcenous monkeyshines and with Georges Bonnet he qualified—long before the hostilities—as the most proficient of Gallic Quislings. The opposition newspapers in France have not hesitated, on repeated occasion, to call M. Laval a traitorous skunk in bold type. Although the libel laws were lax (or liberal) in France, compared to those here and in England, the current French Vice-Premier never troubled to bring suit or to demand retractions.

To swallow cabled predictions that France, even though now prostrate, will accept M. Laval as führer is to disclose little knowledge of the character of the mass of the French people.

The "Good Devils"

THE STOCK of the League of Nations as an instrument to maintain world peace is not high just now, but it is only just to remind ourselves of some of its accomplishments on the side. Though it has failed to protect more highly civilized peoples from the ravages of modern science as represented by guns, tanks and air bombers, it still hopes to preserve one of the most curious races in the world, the Andamanites, from extinction by malaria.

The League recommends quinine as still ranking first among the antimalaria drugs by reason of its clinical effectiveness and almost complete absence of toxicity. The Malaria Commission of the League advises the Andamanites to take six grains a day during the fever season and fifteen to twenty grains a day for seven days if the disease is in progress.

The Andamans consist of some 200 small islands, with a total area of 2,508 square miles, in the Bay of Bengal midway between India and the Burma Coast. They have been known since ancient times and derive their names from the Greek *Agathon Daimonos*, meaning "good devil."

The Andamanites are black but have none of the other characteristics of the African Negro. For centuries, their notorious cruelty kept explorers away from the islands. Although there are now six harbors and two penal colonies—one established by the Bengal Government in 1789 and another set up by the Indian Government at Fort Blair in 1858—the native tribes still retain all the customs and habits of their ancestors: they paint the faces of their dead as a sign of respect and, when the flesh of the corpse has rotted, the bones are taken out of the grave and kept as a remembrance.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*"

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Certain interventionist clichés need a more realistic analysis

Common Sense for Americans

By UPTON CLOSE

IT IS time to challenge some clichés, and tell their promulgators that now that they have had their fun, let's get back to historical truths and sober language. France did not have the best army in the world—that cliché is conceded. Quite as absurd is the one that the United States and the Monroe Doctrine have always been protected by the British navy. With all due honor to Lord Nelson's outfit, which we like to heroize, we have had enough of that one also. The historical facts, alas, are:

The British navy destroyed our ships and burned undefended towns on our shores in 1776-83, and again in 1812-14.

The British navy tacitly assisted the rebellion against the Union in 1860-64. Its decks were cleared to crack Lincoln's blockade of the Confederacy when caution took the counsels in Parliament. So far from protecting the Monroe Doctrine at the moment when we were least capable of enforcing it, the British fleet gave Napoleon III the green light to transport a large French army and his puppet Maximilian across the Atlantic to Mexico. Britain took advantage of the situation to turn the self-governing community of British Honduras into an Empire colony. After our War Between the States the British fleet did not protect us from anything—there was nothing to protect us from save the British fleet, which President Grover Cleveland and Congress kept out of Venezuela (1887, and again 1895-99) by threat of war. In 1902, so far from protecting the Monroe Doctrine from other nations, a British squadron sailed along with German and Italian squadrons to the blockade of Venezuela. Theodore Roosevelt did not rely on the British navy when he insisted that the Venezuelan dispute go to The Hague Tribunal (1902). He relied on the fleet that flies the Stars and Stripes—which quite alone has historically been the reliable keeper-out of this hemisphere of European empire-builders. No

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other fleets—and consequently no other nations—existed which alone or in combination could have invaded the Americas until the increase of the German and Japanese fleets after 1900. Then our fleet went to the aid of the British in Atlantic waters, and then and since it has saved to England remote British possessions and protected British interests. Not the other way around! In Pacific Asian waters, time and again English squadrons have unloaded their job on our warships (as at Canton in 1933) —or, worse, English statecraft has actually double-crossed us (as over Manchuria, 1931, which our Secretary of War, Colonel Stimson, can hardly forget in his biggest interventionist moments).

A couple of retired U. S. admirals (to the disgust of other admirals, active and retired) have so far forgotten their history and training as to join in voicing the absurdity that this nation and hemisphere have been "protected" by the British fleet. They were brought up in quite an opposite tradition. The inner policy of the American navy, since it has had a policy and a respectable existence, has been and continues to be today, to match the British navy, not to trust in it. Our navy could never be sure what the British navy would do, or when another Lord John Russell would control it (as in 1863). And so our navy heads insisted against bitter British opposition on complete *equality* with British sea power in the naval ratio conferences of 1922, 1930 and 1932—and jealously combatted the British objections to our superiority in capital ships.

If ever we have depended upon the British fleet to protect our interests such a policy is not in the record—nor in present state policy. Haven't we had enough of it in newspaper columns and from platforms?

THIS out of the way, what is the story of the war to date—from an American viewpoint? By armed intervention we gave England and France, in 1918, control of Europe against a potentially stronger rival. They let that control slip from their grasps—to a degree they even bartered and sold it. (Argue that we should have stayed and policed Europe for them if you like—the controlling fact is that most Americans don't think so, wouldn't take on the job at the time—and never will.) To turn the tables, Germany and Italy built power-concentrating systems of discipline, and brutally treated their minorities. We don't like their systems—we don't like Russia's or Japan's systems either, but we are not going out to fight them just because we don't like them. Germany and Italy have been very careful not to commit overt acts of war against us. Nor did they commit such overt acts against England and France. But those nations, too late, declared war upon them, with the idea of stopping their steady accretion of power—a war which the declarers were not prepared to fight and did not reckon on seriously fighting. They planned to win by siege. Germany linked up Russia and let the siege go on for nine months. The man of action, Winston Churchill, took the British fleet, looked for theaters of active war, got them, lost them, and lost his ally France.

Now you can't din most Americans into feeling that they are responsible

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for this situation, nor into feeling that they are so menaced by it that they must rush into a war in which, despite their open and material partiality, they have been subjected to no overt insult or act of war. Nor can you make them believe that such future and as yet unjelled threat to them as may be inherent in the situation can best be averted by joining their destiny to that of the British Empire.

Psychologically as well as historically the effort is wrong. You cannot put stamina into the American people by telling them that their destiny is tied up with a foreign empire over whose policies they have no control, about whose moves they have always been skeptical with more than a little reason—a power that promises to need saving every twenty years, and that muddles into dreadful scrapes ad interim.

There is an essentially American view on this whole empire struggle and repartitioning of the world which Americans crave to have refreshed. Though the American's vision has been blurred, his sense of direction has not been lost. That sense of direction is based on truer truths than those of the daily columns and headlines. It is time, in all fairness to ourselves, to wipe the dust off the American interpretation of history.

One hundred seventy years ago men who had left Europe in search of freedom and prosperity, men who had suffered, in their new continent, the ravages of a series of world wars between its then great imperialistic rivals England and France, severed themselves definitely from European empire interests. Soon they promulgated a doctrine severing the entire Western Hemisphere from further prosecution of European empire rivalries. The same transmutation of imperial rivalries into ideological causes existed in their day as in ours: the Reign of Terror aroused American horror then as the trampling of the Jews does today, the Napoleonic conquests inspired passionate outcries against militarism and tyranny as Hitler's blitz-conquests do today. There were extreme pro- and anti-French, and pro- and anti-English groups. But the advantages of America were saved for us because American leaders remembered whence they had come and whither they were bound, and resisted the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing ideological temptations. Jefferson hated kings, but he saw that America could not remove kings from Europe. Let alone and kept out of America, kings would cancel one another out, or otherwise remove themselves. Where it was within the realm of practical statesmanship, Jefferson relieved European potentates of New World territory, and consequently of temptation to build empire or bring war over here.

Only once in the one hundred seventy years of our national existence have we flung ourselves back into the pit from which we were digged by the wise founders. That did not turn out a success for anyone, and merely covered us with mire.

AMERICANS may ask with honest skepticism today just what they would be accomplishing by tying in with any warring power. (Persons more interested in something else than in their own country call such skepticism nasty names.) Can we be sure of the people to whom we are asked to tie ourselves? Can they be

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sure of their own rulers and of themselves? Can we be any more sure about England than England was about France? Politicians and admirals are being arrested in England, too. England, also, has gone totalitarian, with no bothersome written constitution to be replaced. Victory would not bring back the England some of us suppose we would be fighting for—the England that we thought was like us.

Would we be fighting for victory? Americans would be insulted to be asked to fight for anything else. Let us examine this little item, victory. Would it mean resurrecting Poland and replacing her under her Junkers? England and France declared war to go on until Germany should withdraw from Poland! Would victory over Germany mean re-establishing the Third Republic of France under its politicians? But the materials of this France turn out to have been decayed, and cannot be recovered. Would victory mean re-establishing England's "balance of power" in Europe? But that has kept Europe divided for a hundred years, and we are not so keen about perpetuating the explosive chaos. Would an American-British victory mean assigning to a tired, bankrupt, capital-levied England the collossal task of policing, financing, reorganizing and setting up a new order over Europe—while holding off the Russian bear? England couldn't do it. Would it mean taking that task on ourselves? Americans don't want it, and haven't got the power to do it if they had the will. Meanwhile on the other side crouches a Japan that has had and can still get encouragement from the Britain we are to asked to resave.

So is the Yankee to be blamed for asking just what he is being cheered and scared into; for failing to quite understand a cause that for the preservation of his living standard and very ideals he must make win (so he is told) yet which, according to its most ardent protagonists, must not take American boys across the water? He must feel either that the cause is exaggerated or the full hand of its costs is not being shown him. He comes to the commonsense and American conclusion that he cannot crush European totalitarianism any more than Jefferson's America could abolish kings, but that he would strengthen dictators with their own people and put himself into an interminable, inconclusive war by tying up with Britain. He sees risk in a British element of unknown proportions that would be fully as inclined to let him take over the cost and responsibility of carrying on the struggle as Norway, Holland and Belgium were willing to let England and France take it, and as France was willing to let England take it. He knows that his inability to bring any quick salvation to England is even greater than was England's to bring salvation to her erstwhile continental allies, and that an England in ruins after an inadequate rescue attempt by America would find even greater justification (from their viewpoint) against rich, time-serving, unscathed United States than France found against England. He knows that the Norwegian whose home was destroyed by English shells and the French wife whose sailor husband was killed by English bombs hate England more than they hate Germany. Human nature does not go behind immediate causes in such tragic

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cases. Tragic and ironic indeed it would be if Uncle Sam got himself into the position of fighting Germany on British soil!

Defeating Germany, were it possible, could not restore Europe now, nor could it save the United States from economic squeeze plays. England has attempted to gain the Latin-American market during the war—what about the new totalitarian England's desperate desire for that market—her depreciated pound and her economic needs after the war? There is grave danger of misleading Americans into thinking the world's and their troubles will be over if only Germany is defeated.

GERMANY has already won its main objective, which was to put England finally and definitively out of Europe—to end any English alliance on the continent that enabled England to say who might and who might not master the politics, resources and business of the European continent. This is a turnover in history like the passing from the Grecian to the Roman world in the ancient Mediterranean. Old nations and empires are climaxing long trends of self-destruction as new forces are arising. The formula is old: it happened to the Persian empire—once so vigorous under Cyrus, to Grecian cities, to Rome, to Spain. All that is needed is for members of the ruling class to become more interested in their private fortunes than in their countries, and for the ruled not to care. In a great structure, like Rome or Britain, self-destruction takes time. Benjamin Franklin, loyal imperialist as he was for so long, saw and warned of the rot in the British Empire in his day, and consoled himself for the split off of the American colonies by taking it as Providence's method of saving them from infection with the empire decadence. Rome was several hundred years a-falling; what Franklin saw in 1770 in Britain becomes obvious to the world in 1940.

Must Americans, separated from the disaster by far-seeing founders, rush back in to get crushed by one of history's great, logical, inevitable turnovers? Rather, it would seem the time for the New World to stand for and by itself as much as it can. The less we get ourselves involved the more chance we and our institutions have to survive.

Can anyone condemn an American viewpoint of our interests? Can our English friends, whose government always has and always will put its selfish interests—as it sees them, even when it sees them wrongly—before every consideration of sentiment (as witness Manchuria and Czechoslovakia) condemn us? Can the American believe that if internal weakness and rottenness and the blindness of his statesmen had brought destruction upon the United States and its democracy, from, say, across the Pacific, the British navy would be steaming to our rescue—and that it would repeat the rescue in each generation?

To build, without more folderol, the world's most modern military machine—one that the mere thought of approximating will break Hitler's heart—that is the basic wisdom of self-preservation. Thus far, even in *Mein Kampf*, Hitler hasn't got to America, but in view of the chance, however remote, that he might get around to it, we shouldn't be tempting

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him by leaving this hemisphere wide open. To weaken him by providing Britain with material while she is still fighting him (but watching lest the stuff fall into his hands, as did much material sent to France) is the sort of simple cunning required of any nation which hopes to survive.

LAST, a true American sense will warn us who are over forty that we are just riding for a fall if we keep riding the youngsters who will have to do the fighting. They like to tease us by appearing blasé. But they aren't so "far off"—if Jane Sargent, speaking up in the New York World-Telegram, speaks for them truly.

"The young are willing to fight. But with weapons, not words. They are unafraid, but they demand a fighting chance. They demand of their government equality in arms. They do not want to be sold as the French people were. And, also, they will die willingly upon the altar of democracy—for their United States. But never for the British Empire."

Which, I submit, is refreshing Americanism.

THE THIRD HORSEMAN

The organization of scarcity has long been one of the chief occupations of the Nazi régime. With each extension of their power over Europe, the area of created scarcity extends, until today most of Continental Europe is faced with the prospect of famine. The severe winter, the late spring and the mobilization of peasant labor for attack or defence limited, particularly in Western Europe but also in Germany and the Danubian grain lands, both the area sown to food crops and the intensity of cultivation. The tenth of the cereal supplies of Continental Europe that is normally imported across the sea is now shut off by blockade and in the last two months such crops as were growing in Norway, Belgium, Holland and Northeastern France (the main French cereal district) have been drowned, burnt, shelled, crushed and destroyed. Livestock must also have largely disappeared and equipment been destroyed; and the tragic exodus of refugees that blocked the routes of the French Army bears ghastly witness to the depopulation of once busy towns and well-tended farms. But whether the local population stayed, as in Denmark, or fled, as in France, famine seems their inevitable prospect. Such food as can be spared from the Balkans, together with the herds of Denmark and the rye of Poland, will go to feed the undernourished Germans; *Lebensraum* is synonymous with starvation, disease and sickening misery.

—*Economist*, London

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John Bull doesn't own nine-tenths of it, stresses a noted publicist

Who Owns the British Empire?

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL

From *Picture Post*, London Weekly

WHY DO you suppose Germany spends the vast sums she is known to spend on propaganda, on putting forward certain ideas and arguments?

Consider. Here is a government made up of men who are supposed to believe that only one thing counts: force—bayonets, guns, soldiers, aeroplanes, submarines, mines; and who are supposed to consider ideas, the opinions the world holds about this struggle, as quite unimportant.

Hitler knows better. He knows that what the neutrals, great and small, America, the German people as a whole, our people, think about this struggle will ultimately determine what they do about it; how they will use their power. Whether a given neutrality is to be benevolent or hostile or neutral, whether the German people are to put their backs into the war or subtly sabotage it, whether our people are to put their backs into it—all depends upon the ideas they hold. In other words, Hitler is clever enough to know that ideas are the foundation of action, of what men do.

What is the basis of the case he presents?

Almost daily German propaganda suggests that it is an obvious and gross injustice for a people of 45,000,000 to own a quarter of the earth, while others lack living space; that this involves an inequitable and iniquitous division of the world's resources. Into the minds of the neutrals is put an idea and a picture: the idea of the Empire as an estate owned by inhabitants of these islands for their sole profit and enrichment; and a picture of John Bull as an obese, plutocratic landowner, possessing more territory than he can use.

Of that idea or picture we can say:

First, that it is utterly false; a mystification only made possible by popular confusion, the misuse and misunderstanding of certain terms.

Second, that most of the neutral world accepts this false picture as a broadly true one.

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Third, that large and powerful sections of opinion in Great Britain accept it as true.

Fourth, that eminent British officials, to whose care has been committed the presentation of Britain's case to the world, declare it to be true.

Fifth (as a consequence of fourth), virtually nothing whatever is done by British propaganda to correct a falsehood of great advantage to the German cause and disadvantage to ours.

Let us examine these statements.

The Empire is not an "estate" at all and is not owned by the people of Great Britain. Goebbels' picture is a complete illusion. Let any Briton reading these lines think how much of the Empire *he* owns; how much Canadian, or Australian or South African property—farm land or houses or mines or railway shares—he possesses by reason of the fact that something like the British flag flies at Ottawa, Canberra or Pretoria. The "British possessions overseas" are *not* possessed by the British people at all; but by the people who live there. Inaccurate and misleading terms have betrayed our thought, causing us to confuse "owning" and "governing."

So far as most, and by far the most important part, of the Empire is concerned, we do not even govern it. Because we—and the outside world—commonly refer to the dominions as "Britain's overseas possessions," we seem to believe that we really do possess them. There is a vague idea, even among a good many British people, that in some way we, the British, govern Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa and Ireland; that the laws we make in some way apply to them, or that they can only make laws which have our sanction; that they are obliged to join in our wars; that a declaration of war makes them belligerents, as much as it makes Yorkshire or Cornwall; that their parliaments have something like the limited authority of the London County Council.

All this is a complete mistake, and involves an entirely false picture of what the Empire has become.

The dominions are independent states, their governments in no way subject to ours. We have now no more power to alter the laws which the New Zealand Parliament, for instance, makes than we have to alter the laws made by the parliaments of Holland or Brazil. It has all been laid down definitely and clearly in the Statute of Westminster (of which not one foreigner in 10,000 has ever heard). That Statute declares that "no act passed after 1931 by the Parliament of the United Kingdom will be deemed to extend to a dominion," that Britain and the dominions are "autonomous communities," "equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or internal affairs."

TO GET a true picture of our relationship to, say, Australia, we should think of that country as a nation quite as independent, in fact, as Belgium or Norway; having its own Parliament, making its own laws by that Parliament; its own army and its own navy, controlled by its own Parliament; devising its own tariffs (dominion tariffs often hit British trade very severely); passing its own immigration laws (some of which rigidly exclude certain classes of British subjects); appointing its own officials, its own foreign representatives (both

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Canada and Australia have ministers in Washington and other capitals); having, indeed, its own colonies and dependencies (Australia has several in the Pacific); having power to remain neutral, if its Parliament so decides, when Britain is at war (Eire is at present neutral, and the South African Parliament only voted for participation in the war by a not very big majority); having power to maintain full diplomatic relations with Britain's enemy, if it so chooses (Eire still maintains normal diplomatic relations with Germany, and the German Minister is at this moment living peacefully in Dublin); and having power to select its own Governor General, representing the Sovereign, as two Dominions have recently done.

But, you will say, the King? The King is accepted by, say, the South African Union not as King of Britain, but as King in the South African Union, as a symbol of close association with other British dominions.

While we must think—if we want a true picture of the Commonwealth—of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, as independent states, we should add in our minds that they are independent states forming a loose alliance with each other; an alliance not on any well-defined terms but based on a gentleman's understanding that we shall help each other if and when any one of the group gets into difficulties.

I would not for a moment minimize the importance of that bond. It is vital. But it does not in the least qualify my statement that we do not own the Empire and govern only a relatively small and diminishing part of it.

There has gone on for three-quarters of a century a really amazing process of de-imperialization. We have done our best to unconquer our conquests; dis-annex our annexations; turn what originally was an empire into a group of sovereign and independent nations.

Indeed, the Empire, so far as most of it is concerned, long since came to an end. An empire is a form of political organization in which subject provinces or territories are ruled from a governing center. The Dominions are not so ruled. There is no imperial center.

And what is true of the Dominions will be true of India tomorrow. She has had her own tariff-making powers since 1919 and is in most spheres already self-governing. Her march towards dominion status would be still more rapid but for differences between the great mixture of states, peoples, religions, castes, which we call India.

The process of de-imperialization still goes on. In our sixty-odd "possessions," there are sixty different forms of government; some — the most important—independent; some where a measure of control is retained by Whitehall.

In one case — Newfoundland — a Dominion asked for the suspension of dominion status for a time in order to carry out urgent financial regen-

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eration, since as a completely independent state the country had become bankrupt. It felt that financial salvation could best be undertaken with Whitehall's help.

The West Indies possess legislatures or legislative councils, and have been working towards practical self-government (the West Indies will one day probably make a dominion). But Whitehall still retains considerable control, which is why the British Government has assumed responsibility for financial aid to Jamaica and other islands.

BUT THE world simply does not *know* of the degree of de-imperialization already accomplished, or does not believe it to be a reality. The maps of the Empire published everywhere are still all of the same color, which creates the impression that Canada is governed just like Gibraltar or Malta.

The ignorance about our Empire, both abroad and at home, passes belief. Once, lecturing in a German university, a professor of political science flatly denied that Britain did not make the immigration laws of Canada, and in effect told me I was a liar when I insisted that the British Parliament had no more statutory power over the legislatures of New Zealand or Australia than it has over the legislature of Peru.

It was on November 26, 1932, that in the American Senate a suggestion was made that Britain should settle her debt to the United States by selling Canada thereto. "When a man has debts, and more land than he needs," it was explained, "he sells some of it." It was on October 18, 1935, that one of the most eminent of American journalists said in a public address that the British Government would have just as grave responsibility as the totalitarian states for the next war, "for though Britain possesses more than she needs, she won't give any of it up to prevent war."

"If valueless," argued another American, "why not give up the Empire?" To which the answer is that we are giving it up, to people who live there. If we do not give it up to totalitarian states it is because they would close these territories against us, and use their resources to subject us to their domination. Our hesitations in India about going too quickly towards independence are rooted largely in such misgiving.

It is true we have a profitable trade with the dominions and India. So we do with the Argentine and Brazil and the United States. It is true that we have made preferential arrangements with the dominions at Ottawa—extremely michievous arrangements, in which, incidentally, Britain got much the worst of it. But they are arrangements made between independent states, and there is no reason on earth (except the fallacious notions in our heads) why we should not have made the same kind of arrangement with France or Denmark or Norway or Sweden. Indeed, it is precisely what we ought to have done.

Many of our own people share Goebbels' view that this is a war to retain our "imperial possessions," and to enable us "to continue our imperialist and capitalist exploitation of subject peoples." Those phrases may be found repeatedly in the anti-war resolutions of British left-wing organizations, including left-wing organizations in our universities. And the un-

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derlying economic assumptions about our imperial position are not confined to the extreme left.

ON THE extreme right, the conservative-imperialist view is that if Goebbels' picture of this country drawing great profits from its imperial position is not a true one, then it ought to be, and that we should make it true by crusading for a ring fence round the Empire, keeping it to ourselves, and keeping the rest of the world out. They repudiate the idea that we should extend the Commonwealth by bringing into that kind of association all free peoples; giving, for instance, to Norway or Denmark the same economic rights and the same right to mutual protection which we give the dominions, pooling our power to maintain the law against aggression, violence, war.

It is, of course, precisely for the supremacy of such a law in the world, as against the anarchic repudiation of law against nations that we are supposed to be fighting. But British propaganda does not seem to take that view, to judge by an illuminating incident: An eminent official of the Foreign Office, after twenty years of service, recently gave his opinions in a book published since the war. He explains that law and order and peace are merely the words used to disguise the interests of the privileged powers —ourselves and France. You are in favor of peace, and law and order if you are a "have" (which he deems us to be), and you are against those things if you are a "have-not" (which he deems Germany to be). He writes:

"Just as the ruling class in a community prays for domestic peace, which guarantees its own security and predominance, and denounces class war which might threaten them, so international peace becomes a special vested interest of predominant powers."

He comes near to saying, like the American journalist I have quoted, that we are about as much to blame for the war as the totalitarians. He writes:

"It is a moot point whether the politicians and publicists of the satisfied powers, who have attempted to identify international morality with security, law and order and other time-honored slogans of privileged groups, do not bear as large a share of responsibility for the disaster as the politicians and publicists of the dissatisfied powers, who brutally denied the validity of an international morality so constituted."

The writer is quite entitled to these views, and to express them. But if you had to choose someone to direct in the Ministry of Information the task of explaining to the world the moral position of the British case, would you choose the man who happened to hold these particular views?

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That the author in question has just resigned his position does not explain the curious conception of what British propaganda ought to be which, presumably, prompted the appointment.

It is hardly the way to persuade the world that this notion of Britain as the fat, obese possessor of great estates, a "have" power, is based upon misapprehension.

It is time we exploded a false notion which is so extremely valuable to the enemy, and so extremely harmful to our cause.

If truth demands that we face what we have done ill, it also demands we realize what we have done well.

We have done what no empire of the past has ever done. When Hitler says that in his subjugation by war and flame and terror of small neighboring States, he is merely copying the example of Great Britain, he is hoping that the world's ignorance and confusion about what the British Empire has become will enable him to get away with what is, in fact, a gross falsehood.

He is doing the exact opposite of what we have been doing for the best part of a century. For we have turned, or are turning, Empire into Commonwealth, the free association of self-governing democracies which come of their own free will to help to fight a common menace to the freedom of them all.

Empire Facts

British capital has more at stake in the Argentine than in all the British-dependent Empire.

In the last five years more people have emigrated from the overseas Empire to Britain, than have gone from Britain to the overseas Empire.

The United States, which does not "own" Canada, sells to it three times as much as Britain does.

Of the £334,000,000 worth of foodstuffs imported by Great Britain in 1934, only £26,000,000 worth was supplied by the colonies.

All the colonies, protectorates, dependencies and mandates of the world contribute 10.6 per cent of total world trade.

The exports of Britain to her colonial Empire represent 11.2 per cent of her total exports.

During the nineteenth century the bulk of raw cotton used by the Lancashire cotton industry was procured from the United States of America.

The whole British Empire employs fewer British officials than the number of persons employed in Cadbury's, Rowntree's and Wills' factories.

Of France's foreign investments in 1914, only 4 per cent was invested in her colonies.

The proportion of raw material Germany used to draw from her colonies was one-half of one per cent.

More Germans were earning their livelihood in the City of London in July 1914 than in all the German colonies of the whole world put together.

During the years 1894 to 1913 the German expenditure on the colonial empire, exclusive of defence, was in the neighborhood of 1,002,000,000 million marks. In the same period the total German trade with the empire was 972,000,000 marks.

Three per cent only of the staple raw materials of the world come from colonies.

Neither Germany nor Italy are as densely populated as Great Britain, Holland or Belgium. The figures are (per square mile): Germany, 362; Italy, 355; Belgium, 707; Holland, 673; Great Britain, 488.

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All Europe is now ready for the Nazi revolution, in the Storm Trooper view

The Triumph of German Youth

Translated from the *Schwarze Korps*, Berlin Weekly Organ of the Elite Guard

IN LESS than three weeks, led by Adolf Hitler, the armies of Germany have advanced to the Channel coast, a triumph denied our World War soldiers, despite their four years of heavy sacrifices. Not only has the National Socialist army disastrously shattered the military resistance of France, and inflicted set-backs to the British far more serious than they suffered at our hands at Andalsnes and Namsos, but it has severed the plutocratic alliance, and thus separated Britain and France.

Today there no longer exists any combination of "Western Powers," collaborating militarily, politically and economically for the destruction of Germany. There exist but two isolated nations, Britain and France, now striving in their several ways to escape the punishment they have deserved since September 3, 1939. All that remains of the world union of the democracies against National Socialism, of the union of the plutocratic money-bags, of the conspiracy of gold against labor, of the encirclement policy against us—indeed, of all that is left of the "Second World War"—are the death throes of two expiring systems, whose respective leaders are devoting their last hour to denouncing each other for the disasters that have befallen them.

The exploits of the German Army of 1914-18 are not minimized by military comparisons made between those years and today, or by comparisons between the sacrifices of the civilian front of those years and those suffered now by the home population. No comparison, even with the achievements of the glorious National Socialist army, could detract from the prowess of the men of 1914 who attacked in a frenzy of ecstasy, or from the self-sacrificing youth of Langemarck, or of the World War feats of our undefeated infantry, or of those last reserves of 1918.

But even if comparisons are not invidious, every World War veteran and every young soldier, contemplatively studying a map today and his eye falling upon the names of towns of

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yesteryear, inevitably must ask himself: Why are events so different today? Why is the outcome today so different from yesterday, since in 1914 and in 1940 the German army's determination to win, and its willingness to suffer, were equal in intensity? The answer is, in principle at least, that a valid comparison is impossible for a variety of reasons, chief of which is that in 1914 we waged war on two fronts whereas in this conflict we have been able to concentrate our energies in the West.

Nevertheless, it is instructive to reread the work of General Lieutenant Kabisch on the Battle of the Marne—on a repetition of which Paris invested futile hopes for military salvation—and to compare the tragic heroes of those two battles, the weary General Ludwig von Moltke and the intrepid General Alexander von Kluck. The fact that von Kluck was merely one of several army commanders, and that he was compelled to obey the orders of a sick and irresolute superior—who was certain to fail in the critical hour—spelled the doom of an entire generation of German warriors. But the outcome of both Marne battles was due to the workings of blind fate. Neither was it a freakish "accident" that, at a decisive moment in German history, it was the younger Moltke who was given the post of his celebrated uncle, the victorious Moltke of 1870-71. The nephew was a man of lofty character and unquestionable probity, but he was a dreamer bemused by the philosophical speculations of Rudolf Steiner.

AFTER his appointment in 1914 as chief of the General Staff, Moltke defined his credo in these words: "We must forever seek greater spiritualization, so that we may crystallize in greater degree the idealistic elements in our mortal selves; man must transfigure and illuminate the material with the spiritual—that is, with love, regard for one's neighbor, forbearance with the faults of our fellowmen. . . ." Pretty sentiments! But these are phrases that an army commander should relinquish to the parsons. They are not suitable to a man who must think clearly and sharply in emergencies, who must attack unflinchingly and force a decision ruthlessly.

The Kaiser acted on the least valid of reasons in entrusting to Moltke—among so many more capable disciples of the great Schlieffen—the fate of the Reich. He was given the elder Moltke's post solely because of his name. A romantic motive forced upon the romantic Moltke a task that was far from romantic—a man, incidentally, who kept secret a serious heart ailment and who took pains to avoid consulting a doctor lest he learn the full extent of his disease.

Like many another leader of the times—the Kaiser himself, for example, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg and others—Moltke in 1914 abominated the war from the bottom of his soul. In certain circumstances, peace is a beautiful ideal, as it is also a sentiment which any individual may cherish. But it is scarcely a conviction, or a point of view, suited to men in command of preparations for war and waging war. Soon after the outset of war in 1914, Chief of Staff Moltke proposed various measures for the protection of the Luxembourg railroad. When it was deemed necessary to postpone these precautions,

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General von Moltke wrote his wife: "I feel as if my heart would break. It is impossible to describe my feelings on arrival home. I was shedding tears of despair."

This man led and lost the Battle of the Marne. That he would lose it was a certainty. The most magnificently trained and equipped army cannot win victories if its chief commander is not master of his nerves at the moment that he is confronted with resistance.

The French have always been fair in describing the German retreat on the Marne, in 1914, not as a victory of arms but as the result of a miracle —the "Miracle of the Marne": in their minds it was akin to an act of God, to a reincarnation of the Maid of Orleans. This time their hopes for another act of divine intervention were in vain. The science of war does not admit of miracles; it exploits the unaccountable mistakes of the enemy and the curious inadequacies of human nature. In 1940, patient waiting for another "Miracle of the Marne" was futile. For today the leader is not Moltke but Adolf Hitler.

IT is too early to speculate over the military strategy of the Führer. He will explain it to us at the proper time, as he did after the campaign in Poland. And at that time, we will recognize that he acted, more than ever before, under the inspiration of the moment, moved by the individual genius of his creative imagination, by his masterly control of any given situation— he was not fettered by old formulae. Not for a moment has the German soldier, or the German people, had any anxiety over the outcome of the conflict. Adolf Hitler knows how to wage war—militarily and politically —as it was never known before. He knows, because he knows the powers of the armed force of his people, a force that was his own creation. It was the Führer who conceived and directed the evolution of every German weapon from its inception, who himself knew four years of war as a simple soldier, knew its exigencies and potentialities, who could weigh the value of personal courage against the limits of human endurance.

The future will disclose that our victory in Belgium and in northern France was a political as well as a military triumph. But the progression of the military victory has demonstrated that it was determined by the proficiency of the leaders as well as the efficiency of the rank-and-file. The determining factor on the Meuse and the Somme was Germany's will to bring about a decision that would endure a thousand years, that would be far more than a strategical success, of interest only to the military mind.

By reason of Germany's destruction of the united front of the plutocratic nations, the way is forever open to the National Socialist revolution in Europe.

And now a word about General Sir Edmund Ironside, chief of the British General Staff (since transferred to command of home defences), who recently observed that the plutocratic nations would inevitably triumph because of the immaturity of the German generals; because, in a word, they lacked the wisdom and the experience of the Anglo-French commanders. That was not an empty statement by the British Chief of Staff; it reflected the conviction of the British. Moreover, did not French hopes cling to

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the aged Marshal Pétain, the one-time defender of Verdun? And was not Marshal Weygand an ambitious but decrepit old man, placed in command of the French army solely because his nodding head was still adorned with a few faded laurels from the crown of Foch?

General Ironside and his aides are still relying on their experiences in the World War of a quarter century ago. Like the antiquated Churchill, the blockade specialist, these generals expect to prosecute this war in conformance with obsolete formulae—supported, they hope by the passage of time and by the blood of neutral peoples. Today these generals are lost in recriminations, in an impotent rage over the successes of German arms, German parachutists, tanks, dive-bombers and pursuit-planes.

Such weapons did not appear in their calculations, based on the experience of the World War. Neither could they believe that German strategy might have a basis other than the Schlieffen Plan. They poured their best regiments into northern Belgium. Straining every energy, they prepared for an expected attack of our main force down the Belgian coast toward Dieppe and Calais. When suddenly they found themselves trapped—the main German attack striking at the center of the Meuse and the northern Maginot Line toward the Atlantic end of the Channel—they felt such strategy was forbidden by all the old rules of the game; it was unnatural, against all experience and normal expectation. Today, they are looking for a scapegoat.

But no one British or French general is guilty. Generalissimo Gamelin, who has been banished to the desert, is not guilty. The guilt lies on the heads of all those old men of long experience—men who were nothing but soldiers, or nothing but politicians, or men who knew nothing but business. Collectively, guilt covers the whole collapsing and overripe system of the superannuated plutocracies, now crumbling into dust.

Young men are on the side of Germany. The Führer's generals of today were, like himself, young company leaders in the World War and, like him again, know war from personal experience—not only from the retirement of G.H.Q. The commanders of our air squadrons themselves lead their groups in action; the tank-corps commanders lead the advances themselves. And the Führer remains in the ranks of his soldiers, not safely hidden in some fabulously remote headquarters.

THE spirit of the victor must be young. And our troops are young, and young are the methods of our attack. . . . Who among the octogenarians of the enemy would have believed, a few months ago, that the gigantic works of the Maginot Line could be stormed successfully by individual acts of manliness?

But our youth is not only young in years. Motivating it is the youthful vigor of our revolutionary ideal.

Did not the Bourbons, like the plutocracies, also have faith in the eternal security of their rule? And did not the decaying Europe of that day, facing the France of the Revolution, believe it would make mincemeat of the Jacobin armies? Far be it from us National Socialists to adorn ourselves with the dubious laurels of the French

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Revolution, but in that day, as in this —as in every era of history—one law has invariably proved its unchanging truth: youth will always triumph over age.

The old nations must disappear when their hour strikes. Who can reasonably expect any other outcome at this time when one nation, become conscious of the power of its youth, sees in another merely a coterie of quarrelsome old men who have lost faith even in their own people? To express it in another way, the secret of our military victories lies in our conquest over the symptoms of age, to which Germans are no less susceptible than other peoples.

The German people had to suffer the most humiliating downfall to arrive at a point where they could discard the old, the obsolete and obstructive. We had to change from the bottom up; a new and youthful spirit, in a totalitarian sense, had to dominate our thinking and our actions in every field. From the depths of the soul of our people emerged an enlightened and purified understanding of the meaning of German life and of Germany's struggle. And again from those depths of the German people there came forward a Leader of the young of Germany, and of her young soldiers, the symbol in himself of our victory over ourselves and the guarantor of eventual victory over our enemies.

YOU were not aware of that, Monsieur Reynaud. . . . Now you are looking despairingly about you for the guilty. But in chasing down the streets of Paris after workmen weary of war, and in persecuting the deluded wives of soldiers, you show yourself blind to the lessons of history. You might far better arrange a mass-pyre for your top-hatted parliamentarians, your lawyers, stock speculators and war profiteers, set torch to it, and then leap into the flames yourself.

In that event, your workers and your peasants would feel deeply indebted to you, for they are young enough to aid in the rebuilding of a new Europe on the wreckage left behind by you and your kind.

'To Berlin'

The sharp contrasts one finds on the English roads today are rather startling. I saw something of the last war, but I don't think I ever felt quite the same sense of strangeness that I experienced when, a few days ago, I traveled along a road on one of the loveliest hills of southern England and saw convoys of troops active and alert on the green verges under the hedgerows, and motorcyclists in khaki dashing along roads heavy with the scent of may blossom and gorse. Well, we're taking no chances. By the way, I've heard of one signpost that still stands with its arm not pulled out. On it is written "To Berlin"—with the number of miles.

—F. L. Stevens in *Overseas*, London

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Civilian fears are the main danger if Germany invades Great Britain

If Worst Comes to Worst

By REBECCA WEST

From *Time and Tide*, London Independent Weekly

IF WORST comes to worst and the Germans invade England, many of us will be hurt and some of us will be killed. We will see other people, possibly those whom we love, being hurt and being killed. Our homes may be destroyed, and towns which are dear to us, and woods and fields which are the fond background of our lives, may be horribly annulled. We may know fire as a pursuing enemy and hunger and thirst as our companions, so well that sudden death becomes a friend. Well, it might be far worse.

It would be much worse, to take one possibility, if we behaved badly. We all of us are bound to feel fear during the next few weeks. Anybody who did not would be defective, as defective as the politicians who did not become alarmed by the aggression of Nazi Germany. It is a wholesome reaction. When the bowel finds that it is harboring an irritant, it uses every muscle in its wall to expel it, and the result is colic. When the mind becomes aware that it is faced with a dangerous experience, it floods the consciousness with a disagreeable sensation, designed to warn it that it will perish if it does not organize all its resources in self-defence. Do not be ashamed of your fear. Cherish it, obey it to the point of thinking quickly and acting vigorously in the interests of your safety. But conceal it.

Fear, like pain, looks and sounds worse than it feels. When one is afraid of being killed in an air raid or by a parachutist, there are all sorts of considerations which our mind checks up on the other side. There is the sporting chance we all enjoy of not being hit, the hope that somehow we may be able to perform some act of disservice to the enemy, the knowledge that the military operations of which these raids will be a part should end in a victory for England and freedom from Hitler. But fear, like pain, is an appeal made for an urgent purpose. It, too, is always an overstatement.

Therefore you should not speak

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the words it puts into your mouth, or let it decide the expression of your face. We are all novices in this situation, even our governors. Therefore we might, if our code did not include the most rigid stoicism, contrive for ourselves a ruin which is worse than any pain we might suffer in warfare. If we say, "We cannot bear the torture of waiting day after day for the bombs to drop on us," or, "We cannot bear having bombs dropped on us day after day because we are afraid of being killed," and if we say it again and again with the bogus poignancy of fear, it is possible that the Government might hear us and believe us. They might form the mistaken view that it was impossible to go on waging war when the civil population was in such a demoralized condition. They might then feel obliged to make terms with the Germans.

This would not mean peace. It would, indeed, mean that we should never know peace again, and that our children and our children's children should not see its return. Our young men would be taken from us to fight Germany's imbecile wars of aggression against Russia, America, Africa and Asia, and when they came back to us they would have been trained in such delicate arts as machine-gunning civilian refugees. The rest of us would be forced to give our labor and every penny more than was needed for our bare subsistence to pay for these imbecile wars. As the background of our lives would be the fear of the concentration camp; and we would never again warm our hands at the fires of kindness and tolerance. Those of us who know Nazi Germany know that it is darkness; but we would dwell in the outer darkness which is the lot of Czechs and the Poles today. Let us, therefore, bridle our fear and give the Government full opportunity to win the war.

AND LET us see to it that if the worst comes to the worst it finds us not only in command of our fear, but also beyond the power of surprise. Each of us should today examine his or her circumstances in an attempt to foretell what predicaments the war may bring us, and whether they could conceivably lead us to be a trouble to the authorities, thus conniving at our own enslavement. We should all of us go to our doors and say to ourselves, "If the village was set on fire I should be naturally inclined to run away from it along that road. I must remember that I must not do that if there are German troops on that road, for then our troops and aircraft might be afraid to bombard it. I must find some other way; and even if there is no other way, I must not go on that road." The problem will differ in every locality; but we must always find a like solution. Otherwise, however well we mean, we will be as dangerous as cowards and traitors.

If these most pardonable errors of startled flesh, fear and stupefaction, can in these present extraordinary circumstances compel us to guilt, there is consolation in the ease with which we can now achieve unparalleled distinction. That is a miracle: a miracle of a sort that was called to my mind the other day by a letter in the *Times* contributed by Lady Stanley Baldwin. She wrote suggesting that the flag of our patron saint, St. George of Cappadocia, should be hung from every church tower in England. Excellent wife that she is, she probably wrote

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with the intention of forestalling those who would like to use Lord Baldwin for that purpose on their particular church tower. But her letter turned my thoughts to some inquiries I had made into the identity of our patron saint, two years ago, after I had spent a spring night wandering about the Macedonian foothills, from church to mosque and from mosque to pagan altar on the rocks, watching Christians and Moslems ask St. George for children from barren wives and crops from barren lands.

He was not, as Gibbon falsely told us, "a villainous army contractor." Gibbon was a great man but the world is not even faintly like what he supposed. He was confusing George of Cappadocia with George of Laodicea, a thorough bad egg of a bishop who lived quite a couple of centuries later. Very little is definitely known about the true St. George, who was martyred somewhere near Constantinople in the third century. The Pope Gelasius, looking into his case, could find out nothing about him and was driven to remarking tactfully that he was one of "those saints who are justly revered by the people but whose actions are known only to God." Yet the best scholars believed that he really existed; and there survives in the Near East a tradition which makes it probable that there did once live an heroic and virtuous person called George of Cappadocia, who had an extraordinary adventure with a wild beast amounting to a powerful intervention on the side of life against death.

Many are the miracles that are ascribed to him. Always he is putting in his spoke in favor of this precious though often highly disagreeable entity that we call life. He was for it, he wanted more of it, he would not have it downed. Once he saw some planks by the roadside, planks that were dead wood, cut and planed; he turned them back into trees. The sap ran up their veins, branches stirred in them, they put forth green leaves. This he did because they had been lying by the roadside to be built into a house, which was not at the moment needed. The urgent requirement was a wood which good men could use as an ambush against brigands.

WHEN WE were younger it seemed as if the modern world had made planks of us. We had been drained of much of our natural vitality and forbidden to grow according to our instinctive bent, we were deprived of our individuality and planed down to uniform shape so that we should fit into a standardized and mechanized world. That world has fallen to pieces. Now we are living trees again. We must rely on our own individuality, for in a time of crisis there will be nobody to tell us how to behave. Our habit of natural growth, whether we are stunted or noble, whether we are sickly or sturdy, is what counts today. If we grizzle and chatter and prefer short-term safety from the bombs instead of long-term safety from slavery, then we are rubbish: dead wood by the roadside, timber for a house that will never be built. But if we are a quiet shelter to all those who come within our shadow, then we shall have the dignity of the living forest, and the worst will be far from the worst. Indeed, it will be better than the best that we could have hoped for in the days before this test.

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Being a quaint Swiss reportage on life in these United States

A Yodel for Us Americans

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal German-Language Daily

WE Europeans in the United States are often astonished that Americans know so few particularities about the Continent. But the fact is that they know a hundred times more about the Old World than the average European knows about the United States. Their accomplished newspaper correspondents have explored the European jungle to the darkest corner, and day and night their great radio stations bring news direct from abroad.

It is of little consequence that Americans are confused by certain European problems, by place-names, nationalities, facts about various cities. About many things European the Americans have no independent opinion but adopt the conclusions of their radio commentators and their newspaper columnists. But when you reproach an American with his lack of independent thinking, so far as Europe is concerned, he will retort, "What do you Europeans know about the United States? Hollywood has given your world a very distorted picture of our nation. On the Continent you associate Americans with gangsters, skyscrapers, automobile plants disgorging 15,000 cars per day, five-and-dime stores, super-airplanes, Roosevelt, Broadway, etc. But about the real America, you are ignorant."

And this American's complaint is valid. The real America is not Broadway nor is it Hollywood nor is it to be found in Washington or in Detroit. Intrinsic America rests in an immense multiplicity of men and ideas of creative force, of ways mysterious, of fabulous riches and appalling poverty. The United States is no longer a homogeneous country like France or Italy. It is a concept, and the nation includes states with a variety of modes of living.

The Northeast is that part of the United States which is turned toward Europe. Accordingly there lie its most Europeanized sections, and a small community in the New England States is perhaps the only place where

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a European may feel at home. (That at Sun Valley, Idaho, a model winter-sports center was modelled after the Swiss and Tyrolean style is in no wise representative of America and is as remotely Swiss as Hungarian goulash is authentic in a Kansas City drug-store.) Most of the European immigrants have settled in the northeast of the country: the French, the Irish, English, Poles, Swiss, Swedes, etc.

And they have all been looking for work in the automobile plants of Detroit, the steel works of Pittsburgh, the mines of Pennsylvania, the department-stores of Boston, and they have all found jobs. Others have remained in New York, which has grown into an enormous ant-heap of humanity.

The northeast section of the United States is the richest. In some parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut only millionaires reside—or did at the peak time of prosperity, so one is told. Today there are no more millionaires, but nevertheless the percentage of rich men is high.

But the Southeast—that is, the states of Kentucky, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida—represents an unhappy contrast to its neighbors in the north, where the per capita income is more than twice what it is in these states. Poverty and misery are widespread; living standards are low, and distress among the Negroes is considerable. Industries here belong to the Yankees in the north, a fact which provokes some bitterness.

THE so-called Middle Western States, extending to the Mississippi, remind one in many respects of the Ukraine. The farmers who live there are simple, unpretentious people who need little to survive and are unacquainted with luxuries. Their economic condition changes with each succeeding crisis. The Government of Roosevelt takes many measures to assist them. These farmers are modern. They are interested in the science of agriculture, and they send their sons to the agricultural colleges. They are by no means indifferent to world events, and they participate actively in the political life of their country. In these states (Illinois, Indiana and Ohio), American democracy has its strongest roots, and here lives the old guard who cannot be taught new ideas as easily as the loafers on New York's Broadway or, for example, the fantastic dreamers under the California sun.

The youngest part of the United States is the Southwest, to which belong Texas, New Mexico as well as Arizona. Texas is larger than any European nation excepting Germany, but it is richer than the Reich—and this can be said, indeed, without exaggeration. The State grows so much cotton that the world cannot use it all, the largest deposit of oil anywhere, and besides it has 7,000,000 head of cattle. But next to it are the hot plains of Arizona where the rainwater is caught in barrels—an indescribable wilderness; contrast everywhere—a characteristic of the United States.

In the neighborhood of rich Texas there are the so-called Prairie States, so poor that they cannot afford any publicity like Florida and California, which is why nobody knows anything about them. Even many Americans do not know the name of the capital of North Dakota (the name of the

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place is Bismarck), and only few know what there is to be found in Nebraska. Indeed, little can be found except here and there a windmill, a tree, a wheat-field. The lonesome farmer need take but a few strides to reach the desert. The thin cows and sheep huddle together under the shade of the lonely tree: everything is poverty-stricken.

The Wide West—California and Nevada—shows astonishing contrasts. If you live in Los Angeles you can, within the space of one day, engage in the following:

1. Bathe in the ocean.
2. Take photographs of lonely cactuses in the desert.
3. Visit gold mines and oil wells.
4. Ski, and lie down in the woods.
5. Ride with cowboys.
6. Dance in a night club.

It is this variety that makes California the ideal filmland of the world.

But Nevada is poor, in debt, sandy, hot and sad. Its inhabitants are only able to live because of the Reno divorces. The gambling clubs and suchlike institutions also contribute to the support of the State.

Completely unknown to Europe is that part of the United States most distant from the Continent—the states of Oregon and Washington, not to be confused with the Federal capital. One need not be a prophet to predict a great future for this region.

THIS is the United States of America, a continent that comprises seven different regions, with wealth adjacent to poverty. The rich Park Avenue millionaires pay taxes so that roads may be built in poor Georgia. In the East there may be strikes, but in the West they continue to work. In Chicago a man may appear with a radical political doctrine, but he is laughed away in San Francisco. In a few months, everything is over.

The country is immensely large. Its air force is too small, its army ridiculously minute. The idea that has created this great land—the same concept realized in small degree in Switzerland—is that many peoples with many particularities can all work together in peace and harmony.

Of Course Not

If other states wish to see the preservation of British maritime might as a permanent factor in the balance of power, Germany, not to mention the suffering neutrals of Europe, has a right to ask more guarantees against the abuse of this power in economic warfare. Germany is not disputing England's legitimate maritime interests. But peace and trade on a permanent basis seem impossible without some assurance of freedom of the seas. By no possible stretch of the imagination can current discussion of this problem in the German press be interpreted as a desire for "world domination."

—*Facts in Review*, published by the German Library of Information, New York City

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One of the nation's women publicists indicts Britain for criminal tardiness

A French View of the Debacle

By ODETTE KEUN

From *Time and Tide*, London Independent Weekly

AT THE outset I wish to make two statements. First, that I am writing without the slightest inside knowledge of what the Pétain Government of France will consider acceptable terms of peace for their country. Secondly, that I am writing on my own responsibility, not as a spokesman for France, or for the French people, or for any set of authorities. Up to now I have allowed myself again and again to be restrained by high French personalities from criticizing certain English attitudes publicly in articles, although my own judgment was that such criticism was surpassingly necessary. Today, June the eighteenth, so many things are broken in my heart and my mind that my very anguish gives me my freedom.

When the war began it was implicitly understood by the French that their army was to be ready immediately and in full strength so as to give time to their British allies to build up their own divisions and especially to turn their whole country into an immense plant for the production of war material destined to equip and continually supply the military forces of both nations. The French kept their part of this tacit bargain to the last iota. They called to the colors officers up to the age of sixty-five, men to the age of fifty-two—this is a land whose population numbers only a little over 42,000,000, altogether. They conscripted their women. From September 3, 1939, onward, they worked seventy-two hours a week in their war factories, sixty hours a week in all other factories. There was no pay for overtime; no vacations; no changing of jobs was permitted. The pay of their soldiers was less than half the pay of the British soldiers, and the allowances the State gave the families of the mobilized men were on the same scale. The taxes in France, as I pointed out in a recent article [*The Living Age*, June 1940], were incomparably heavier in all social classes and on all individuals, than the taxes

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levied on the corresponding classes and individuals in England. All wartime profits were practically taxed out of existence. There was so little man power left in France that, though all the available women worked on the land, only a third of the acreage usually tilled in France could be sown. Throughout the length and breadth of the country all family life was disrupted, the whole of the national economy was dislocated. The individual voluntarily renounced every right that was not in the interest of the nation. The French put aside their private welfare and liberties not only for France, but also to keep their tacit engagements toward England.

Now what was happening in England? What did the French in general witness in England while they were straining every nerve in such terrific efforts even before the time came to fight? Labor working forty-four hours a week in British war factories and all other factories. Strikes and ceaseless bickering and recriminations about hours, salaries and holidays. Taxation infinitely below the capacity of the country at large to pay. Such incredible slowness in calling up and training men that the British Expeditionary Force sent to France numbered, I have been told authoritatively, some 400,000 soldiers at the very highest estimate. The tanks, lorries, guns, mortars, spare parts, were not sufficient even for that microscopic force. The prodigiously—almost the miraculously — brave R.A.F., which had to fight in England, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany and the Near East, was provided with so few machines that a multitude of soldiers back from Dunkirk told me that they have never seen one of their own planes. *Think of it*: England, whose role was to have been that of the war plant of all the Allies, could not furnish her own pilots with fighters and bombers. While men of fifty and over were serving in the French army, conscientious objectors in England, under the plea of their "principles," got sent back by tribunals to civilian life. While the women of France were doing the job of agricultural laborers and the land was running to waste in spite of the enormous need of foodstuffs, through an enforced lack of men, there were over a million and a half unemployed in England, scores of thousands of whom might have been dispatched to dig in rural districts in France, or put to road construction and repairing in order to relieve the farmers or the elderly French soldiers. But they were not. In the country which supported the insane policy of pacifism and disarmament during twenty years, the criminal negligence of Mr. Baldwin's Government and Mr. Chamberlain's cowardly and crazy methods of appeasement, there broke out, a few weeks after the war, violent campaigns denouncing France's "peace aims" and the steps she had taken to safeguard her national security against Nazi-Communists, propagandists and saboteurs. Not a finger was raised in England to aid the French to establish in the British Empire some at least of the destitute 600,000 refugees and evacuees who had overcrowded the western French provinces ever since the beginning of last September, and who now amount to about 7,000,000, fed and kept by France alone.

All these things existed before the German invasion of the Low Countries. All these things were baffling

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and irritating the French almost to despair. All these things were proving that the brunt of the Allied war efforts and sacrifices was borne by France. All these things were giving the impression that England was not serious, was not even awake; that she was waging the war in her spare time; that she was not pulling her weight—and, more deadly still, that she would never pull her weight because of an invincible slowness, slackness, incoherence, complacency, lack of imagination and utter inability to comprehend and tackle facts. (Instead of showering leaflets on Germany, she should have scattered millions of tracts in every English town and village, to apprise her own people of the true significance of this conflict. In my opinion, they have not grasped it yet.) England, at war, showed every evidence that she believed she was still living in a playground.

THEN came the disaster of the Meuse. Not a soul contests in France that the causes of this were stupendous and unforgivable intellectual and strategical errors committed by the French High Command. The French have paid for these errors with the lives of many hundreds of thousands of their soldiers, and in unprecedented ruin, devastation and agony.

But they were entitled to expect, at this awful moment, the reinforcements in men and war material which their partner, England, had been given every opportunity to prepare, during eight months, because of the French endeavor and abnegation.

I do not know, at this moment of writing, what the French Government will do. Long before he came to power, I was a passionate supporter of that indomitable fighter and genuine liberal, Paul Reynaud. I am so more than ever. For as much as we can guess, he wanted his country, evidently done for in Europe, to continue the war from the French possessions abroad. I would prefer to die here, now, at once, than see France adopt any other plan. But if she does, although I personally will never rally to it; although I will never give my allegiance to the government that decrees it; although I will then serve England with all I am and have if she needs me, I must say—and I shall say until I draw my last breath—that one of the weightiest psychological factors in such an ignoble decision will have been the conviction of the French generally, that, though England has not *betrayed* them (throughout her whole history England has never, to my knowledge, betrayed an ally), she can never, never, never, owing to her innate moral, intellectual and social deficiencies, be relied upon to play her full part in any joint effort *in time*. Nothing that Great Britain has done since the war could give the French the assurance that they would be helped instantly and effectively at the moment of their desperate, their mortal danger. Not even the superhuman attempt at fusing England and France made by that great man, Winston Churchill, to whom I render loyal and ardent homage here, could remove that tragic certainty.

Does God exist? I do not know. But I do know that there is nothing and no one else to turn to in this hour of the most unbearable torture and the most bitter tears of my life. May God help France.

Dieu, sauvez la France!

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Despite recurrent upheavals, most of the republics prize individual liberties

Latin Americans Are Not Fascists

By JOHN M. VEBBER

A BUS LOAD of sailors from the Italian cruisers *Duca d'Aosta* and *Eugenio di Savoia* rode through downtown Montevideo on a mild summer evening in December 1938. To a group sipping drinks at a sidewalk bar, the sailors stretched out their arms in the fascist salute. The ensuing riot taught them that totalitarianism is not popular in Uruguay.

That was not an isolated instance but typical of feeling in Latin America, which this article is an attempt to reflect. Like other such demonstrations, before and after, it indicates the spirit of the rank and file of Latin Americans and would appear to contradict fears for democracy's future in the southern republics.

There has been a welter of reports during the past five years regarding the alleged spread of European totalitarian doctrines in the Latin countries of the New World, but there is little evidence that those doctrines have been accepted. On the contrary, there has been a marked resistance to them in any form. A general distaste for alien totalitarianism is the chief factor in the widespread sympathy for the Allied cause in the present war—the "democratic cause" as it is regarded in Latin America.

Latin Americans, in a political sense, are as fundamentally republican as North Americans. This is only natural since they have known no other form of government—except in Brazil and Mexico—for more than a century. And even the Brazilian Empire ended fifty years ago with the overthrow of Dom Pedro II, while the Mexican one lasted barely three years and was followed by restoration of the republic. The revolutions that have marred the civic progress of Latin-American nations have never affected their republican structure. They may interpret democracy rather differently than we do, but European ideologies are as alien to them politically as they are to the United States.

Dictatorships in Latin America are

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of the home-grown variety and should not be confounded with European ideologies. They have been part of the political set-up in many countries almost since the days of independence from Spain. But few were ever perpetuated, and while frequently the constitutions have been suspended temporarily, almost without exception they were restored upon a change of government. The dictators were able to establish themselves in power because of a variety of reasons, but none was even remotely connected with Europe's brand of politics.

It was only after the rise of nazism, that fascism—which had been regarded with tolerance in Latin America as something peculiar to Italy—came to be looked upon as an ideological plague.

On the whole, Latin Americans are as much opposed to totalitarian rule as practised by the European fascist régimes as are United States citizens. Probably more so, since there is a far more nationalistic spirit in Latin-American republics than in this country.

Most Latin Americans resent the implication that they are only lukewarm in their devotion to democracy and would adopt without question any other system that world power politics might dictate.

AS a matter of fact, they would not only struggle individually against any attempt to impose a non-democratic system of government on them but would also join in a common defence if necessary to prevent the spread of totalitarianism to this continent.

The Pan-American attitude toward totalitarianism was clearly enunciated in the Declaration of Lima, adopted unanimously at the Eighth Pan-American Conference held in Lima, Peru, in December 1938. That declaration said in its preamble that the "peoples of America have achieved spiritual unity through the similarity of their republican institutions," and added after detailing the principles of Pan-Americanism: ". . . that faithful to the above-mentioned principles and to their absolute sovereignty they (the twenty-one American republics) reaffirm their decision to maintain them and defend them against all foreign intervention or activity that may threaten them."

The Consultative Meeting of American Foreign Ministers at Panama City last autumn referred to the Declaration of Lima, and in a separate resolution stressed the need to protect democracy against "subversive ideologies" and recommended to the governments represented at the conference that necessary measures be taken "to eradicate from the Americas the spread of doctrines that tend to place in jeopardy the common inter-American democratic ideal."

That was no face-saving resolution, nor did the delegates adopt it with their tongues in their cheeks. It was a manifestation of the "American mind" that is opposed to further infiltration of European ideas into the New World. Latin Americans, like those of this country, are connected by blood with Europe but there are no ideological ties binding them to the old continent.

All political ties were dissolved with the writing of the constitutions for the young republics. They all provided for a republican form of government and were patterned closely after the

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constitution of the United States.

The two latest constitutions to be proclaimed were those of Brazil, on November 10, 1937, and Bolivia, on October 30, 1938. The former declared in its first article that Brazil is a republic and that "political power emanates from the people and is exercised in their name." The Bolivian constitution describes the country as a "free and independent unitarian republic with a representative democratic government."

In all cases the new constitutions were made necessary by the lack of provision for amendments in the original constitutions. The latter were rigid documents and with changing world conditions it was necessary in many cases to rewrite them entirely. They have in all cases sought to recognize the growing social consciousness of the times by giving special attention to economic and social aspects of national life. But in no instance was there any attempt to change the system of government.

The old traditional parties in the several republics are chiefly responsible for that. They have developed along national lines like their counterparts in this country, and their programs, while affected by sectional feelings in the larger nations, are completely at variance with Europe's totalitarian doctrines. Regardless of their internal differences, they are united in dislike of foreign "isms."

IT MUST not be assumed, of course, that because Latin-American republics feel themselves secure against totalitarian penetration that they have adopted an attitude of complacence toward the threat. They recognize that while the Atlantic and Pacific oceans make armed invasion unlikely, they are no barrier to an idea. Consequently, many have turned to education to combat totalitarian propaganda. Newspapers have undertaken a campaign to stress democracy, and schools have laid particular emphasis on the teaching of national history as an antidote for totalitarianism.

It is noteworthy that despite apprehension in the United States for the political future of Latin America, not one single *responsible* newspaper from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn has espoused foreign doctrines.

The education campaign has been carried on particularly in foreign-language schools and communities where, it has been alleged, doctrines inimical to democracy have been taught not only to foreign-born children but to native-born as well. The national anthems have been ordered sung at the start of each day's classes, while only the national flag may be displayed over schools and other public buildings in many countries.

But the fate of small European nations which have ceased to exist or been occupied by force as a result of treacherous "fifth columns" within their own borders has not failed to impress the Latin-American countries. As a result, most of them have already taken steps to strengthen measures curbing political activities by foreigners resident in their territory. Alien political associations have been banned in several countries, including Argentina and Brazil, and a stricter control of immigrants and tourists established. There will be no betrayal of democracy in the Latin republics if they have anything to say about it.

There have been groups in the larger countries that have flirted with to-

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talitarianism, but their membership has been small and they have made no headway. The two outstanding examples are the green-shirted Integralists of Brazil, long outlawed by that Government, and the Chilean National Socialists. The latter, after an unsuccessful attempt to seize power in September 1938, co-operated with the Popular Front of left-wing parties and are still represented in the Chilean Congress. The Brazilian Integralists have not been heard from since the failure of their uprising in May 1938.

The Communists have played only a small part in Latin-American politics. In most of the republics, their activities have been banned, while the influence of the Roman Catholic Church has been instrumental in preventing communism from making any headway among the deeply religious lower classes. The Berlin-Moscow tie-up also hurt the communist cause in Latin America as well as alienating support for Germany in the present war. The Soviet invasion of Finland angered the southern republics, and the Latin-American members of the League of Nations were responsible for Russia's expulsion from the Geneva organization.

TOTALITARIAN propaganda by radio has had little effect among Latin Americans. Only comparatively few Latin Americans possess radios equipped to receive short-wave broadcasts from Rome, Berlin and Moscow and even those who do own them tune in chiefly for the thrill of getting a distant station. It is extremely unlikely that political-propaganda broadcasts have influenced more than an infinitesimal number of Latin Americans. On the contrary, the constant attacks on democracy from the Italian and German capitals have defeated their own aims by arousing general resentment. Newspaper editorials and letters from readers testify to that resentment and reflect the increasing impatience with which Latin Americans view such attacks.

Recent disclosures that a group of old guard Fascists in Buenos Aires had organized to fight democracy provided an example of Latin-American reaction to such subversive conspiracies. Argentine newspapers were outspoken in condemning the activities of the Italians, and their editorial denunciations of the anti-democratic plot were echoed throughout the continent. Foreign Minister José Cantilo of Argentina, ordering an investigation into "un-Argentine" activities of the Fascists, warned that his Government "will not tolerate the formation of any minority groups in its national territory." Mass meetings were held where faith in democracy was reaffirmed and speakers expressed their disapproval of totalitarian régimes everywhere.

Suggestions that the Latin-American republics, particularly those of the east coast, would prove an easy prey to invasion from Europe are quite false. Equally unfounded is the belief that they lack men and arms to repel an attack on their coasts.

Both Argentina and Brazil could put a considerable force of trained men in the field on short notice. Military service is compulsory in the two countries—as it is in most of the others—and despite their populations they probably possess more men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-

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five who are trained in the manual of arms and army discipline than the United States. In addition, any attempt at invasion would bring armed and trained soldiers from all over South America to their aid and last, but far from least, the United States army, navy and air force.

The Monroe Doctrine, because of its protectorate features, has been somewhat offensive to Latin Americans in normal times because they have felt that while warning off possible European encroachments it has cloaked the United States' own imperialism. American intervention in Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua were the most recent cases to arouse suspicion of this country. But the good-neighbor policy of President Roosevelt has done much to dispel suspicion of United States motives and there is general recognition today that if any Latin-American republic were in danger of attack from a non-American nation, the assistance of the United States to aid in repelling the invasion would be as natural as it would be disinterested.

ALTHOUGH the Monroe Doctrine continues to be unilateral in character, it is no longer an unacceptable principle to the Latin-American republics through their joint declaration to resist foreign ideologies. Although no more palatable today than when Argentina, upon joining the League of Nations, lodged a reservation against the designation of the doctrine as a "regional understanding," the 117-year-old statement of United States policy is gaining a recognized place in international law in the Americas. Chief objection to it comes from European propagandists who seek to turn the doctrine's "big-brother" implication against the United States. Latin Americans themselves have ceased to regard the pronouncement as something dangerous to their national development. As a matter of fact, the republics of Central America, northern South America and the West Indies have come to look upon the doctrine as assuring their independent existence in a world in which the rights of small nations have been trampled.

That assurance of independent existence means also the assurance that democracy will survive in the New World. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, former Argentine Foreign Minister and the only Latin American ever to win the Nobel Peace Prize, recognized this in an address on July 4, 1937, before the American Society of the River Plate in Buenos Aires. Regarding that part of the Monroe Doctrine which stresses the difference between European and American political systems, Saavedra Lamas said:

"In the famous message there is one pronouncement which I have always thought has not been sufficiently analyzed. It is the one in which President Monroe set up a retaining dam against any tendency from outside the American continent which could come to disturb the American principles and existing political régimes.

"The republic is and always will be, as President Monroe desired, the invariable form of the governments of America. It must not be upset by outside currents or by followers of the institutional régimes which are based on the new ideologies that are circulating in our atmosphere today."

Saavedra Lamas' words reflect exactly the feeling of a vast majority of

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the 120,000,000 inhabitants of the twenty Latin-American republics. They are staunchly faithful to the principles that gave birth to their countries and deeply jealous of their independence. They would not surrender easily either those principles or their freedom.

Throughout the Latin countries there is one belief in common with the people of this country. That is, that if their forefathers were willing to sacrifice their lives and fortunes to liberate themselves and establish democratic government, the least the present generation can do is to cherish and maintain that freedom and democracy. This they are resolved to do.

China's Fifth Column

When historians come to examine the progress of the present war and assess the importance of the "fifth column" to the German attacks, it may be recalled that one of the most successful of all fifth columns was that employed by the Nationalist troops in China during the advance from Canton which resulted in the unification of the country under the then Nanking Government, and the closing of the era of warlords. Many persons in Shanghai will remember the days of 1927, when "black-gown" squads terrorized the city and cooped up the forces of Gen. Chang Chung-chang in the North Station, long before the Nationalist forces actually reached the city. The tactics of the Nationalists in 1926 and 1927 in China appear to be very little different from those employed by Hitler and his hordes today in Europe. Agents would go in advance to buy up any influential person they could. Strife was stirred up in factories and public utilities. Attacks by plainclothes men were organized behind the defenders' lines and everything possible was done to disorganize the defenders' communications. At that time the Chinese armies had not advanced sufficiently to possess an air force, and therefore there were no parachutists, but in every other respect the activities now being carried out by the German fifth columns were foreshadowed. The Chinese fifth column of those days was undoubtedly inspired by the Communists and was directed by Borodin and his red assistants. But its effectiveness should have been a lesson to the world.

—*North-China Herald*, Shanghai

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The French are warned their world is ended if Paris falls to Hitler

Preface to a Lost Battle

By EVE CURIE

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

(*Editor's Note: Less than three weeks before the surrender of Paris, this prophetic and moving exhortation was written by Mlle. Curie, whose name is well-known to the American public.*)

IN THESE terrible hours there is no room for subtlety. A decisive battle is under way. French soldiers have a simple duty: to fight as valiantly as they can, to be victorious. The duty of the women, of all civilians, is no less simple: to labor, to help, to wait, to be calm and silent. The issue of the war is clear: if we resist the German assault, if by tenacity we can correct our faults and regain lost ground, life for every one of us, life for France, will again become possible.

If we weaken, it is the end.

There are in France perhaps a few cowardly men and a few cowardly women—very few, happily—who believe that the cardinal objective is to hold to life, to love life, and who, in their joy of living, have estranged themselves from the ideals that underlie the liberty and the dignity of their country. These cowards—how courageous they are! They believe themselves capable of supporting a future that might be allotted to us by a triumphant Hitler, of supporting serfdom, persecution, torture, shame; of permitting land to be wrested from us French, or the pillage of our peasants' farms, the homes of our workers, the merchants' shops; the stripping of our factories, the despoliation of our universities, our churches, our libraries and our museums. They believe themselves able to suffer the sight of men, women and the children of France driven to some desolate corner of Europe to vegetate there in despair; and to see their new masters, the Nazis, confiscate their homes and seize their fields.

In a way, these cowards are heroes.

In the face of the possibility of a German victory, of a German peace, the sacrifices asked of us in this grave

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hour are insignificant, and even death itself would seem a recompense. To be brave is not only our duty. It may also be the simplest fate left to us, the one road to salvation.

We French fight, above all, to save our land, our liberty, our lives. But France is responsible not only for the life of France alone. Elsewhere in the world there are nations which, aroused by the horrors of the Nazi régime, dread the German army, its implacable instrument of conquest. These nations scarcely dare contemplate their future, should Hitlerism triumph. The collective conscience of these nations has prejudged the oppressor. But it is to France, and her ally, to whom are intrusted the outcome of this great struggle. It is upon France that victory depends.

WE must not grow bitter over our position. The grandeur of our nation has always been its readiness to shoulder responsibilities beyond its strength, and to prove itself worthy of that task. France is smaller than Texas. But it is France, and her soldiers, who will determine the destiny of the world.

And precisely because we carry the burden of this fearful responsibility, we should not permit ourselves a moment of discouragement, or of rest from our labors. In view of what may arrive, let us steel ourselves to be calm.

The men of France have known for months that a formidable offensive was drawing near; so have the women of France. Instinctively, all of us have conditioned our nerves for a terrible moment in time.

In the faces of the people in the streets of Paris there is no agitation, there are no tears; and there are no futile gestures.

A few laconic words are exchanged with friends before one reaches work. . . . A few laconic headlines are scanned. . . . A few laconic letters are read from the front. Only yesterday I saw a military postcard sent by a lad in the tanks corps to his mother. The postcard read, simply, "*Bonne résistance. Tendresses.*"

Frenchmen give little expression to the torment that rages in all of us. One only hears, on every side, that "this war must be won, won by us French."

"*Bonne résistance*!" Nothing may be added to that eloquence. There is infinite confidence, anxiety, effort and hope in those two words, scrawled in the midst of a vast battle by a young soldier of France.

To the commands given to us at home we will submit with discipline, labor as efficiently as we can at the posts assigned to us, however humble they may be. But we need no commands to bolster our will to win this war. Each one of us defends a way of life dear to us. And all these individual resolves fuse into one determination that makes for French unanimity. This war is the ultimate conflict, the final collision, of two conceptions of life: on one side, liberty, individualism, Christian civilization; on the other, oppression, aggression, torture and the law of the jungle.

The battle is perplexing, agonizing. The enemy is unpredictable, undaunted. His wiles are innumerable. But in essence this Battle of Paris is the most elementary ever waged. For all peoples there was never a simpler alternative: suffer the heel of the Nazis or live in freedom.

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They may be next victims in the bloodless penetration of the Nazis

Under the Surface in the Balkans

By CHARLES M. MEISTER

AS AUGUST approached, the Balkans, saved as by a miracle from active involvement in the first months of the European war, expected no such miracle to make it possible for Turkey to block Russia's age-old ambition for control of the Dardanelles. Following Rumania's partial dismemberment by Soviet power, despite King Carol's desperate efforts to win the dread protection of Adolf Hitler, every country in Southeastern Europe that still retained a measure of apparent freedom, felt intimations of mortality.

With the eastern tier of these countries—Rumania, Bulgaria and Turkey—struggling only feebly against the Soviet domination which Germany seemed willing to permit, until scores are settled with Great Britain, Hungary and Yugoslavia, the first situated dangerously between Germany and the Rumanian oil fields, the second bordering on both Germany and Italy, trembled at the thought that they most probably would be Hitler's next victims.

Fifth columns, which were old devices in the Balkans before the modern-day term was coined, probably will be all that is needed in either Hungary or Yugoslavia to bring those countries under the complete domination of the Axis Powers. In the case of Hungary, this will be facilitated by the fact that the Magyars lost far more than the Germans at the end of the war of 1914-18, and have therefore been as bitter as any Nazi at the results of that conflict.

But the Hungarians, as individualistic and as devoted to their own traditions as any people in the world, do not look forward with delight to the sort of regimentation which Hitler has now imposed on France, with Marshal Henri Pétain as Führer. Even less does such totalitarian domination appeal to the Yugoslavs, united at last despite their diversity of religion and background.

South Slavs and Hungarians are wryly amused by the irony of the Soviet threat to Turkey, which in the past so long dominated large parts of

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Hungary and all of present-day Yugoslavia, but fear for themselves prevents them from fully enjoying what they consider poetic justice.

It is the purpose here to present the people of these countries, the John Browns and the Jim Smiths, as they were on the eve of the attempt to regiment them completely.

Now suppose Jim Smith, instead of coming from a Vermont farm to build up a real estate business in your home town, had been born Janos Szep, and had become a grain merchant in Hungary. He would be shorter, darker, but he might have the same hearty laugh, the same liking for brandy, the same trick of pinching his right ear when thinking.

Basically, his thoughts would be the same. Behind immediate business worries would be ambitions for his son, the desire to see his daughter well-married, the hope—less bright—that both will be spared what war brings. He, too, would remember a brother killed in the last war, he also might believe that his countrymen were needlessly led to the slaughter.

BUT coloring all his thoughts would be the knowledge that Hungary lost vast territories after the World War and the belief of most of his fellows that all their troubles are due to the resultant shrinking of business opportunities and government employment. Therefore, he might be tempted to think that a new war might make things better for his son and daughter, that collaboration with Hitler's Germany might lead to a more prosperous future.

And the democracy symbolized for Jim Smith by the dome of the capitol has never been the same thing under the misplaced dome which Janos Szep has seen rising above the Gothic parliament building on the bank of the Danube in Budapest. There democracy has been more a concession to the spirit of the nineteenth century, to the prestige of the British Parliament, than a strong native growth.

As a grain merchant, Janos has dealt with peasants owning small bits of land and with barons and counts owning thousands of acres worked by peasants who own nothing and sometimes eat not much more. He is skeptical both of the peasant's hope for a distribution of the land and of the efforts of the big owners to keep their position.

Having been awarded one of the numerous minor titles which delight Hungarians and confuse foreigners, Janos really longs for but does not expect a return to the past, the good old days before 1914.

His son Istvan recently became a Hungarian Nazi after passing through various leftist phases while a law student. The younger Szep knows that Hungary, however enlarged, would have only a minor role in a Nazi-dominated Europe, but he prides himself on his realism. He argues that since Germany is bound to win, and particularly since Hungary's grievances are similar to those exploited in Germany, it is only good sense for Hungarians to climb aboard the bandwagon, to be foremen if they cannot be masters.

Saying that, if he is hard, hard times have made him so, Istvan asserts that the peasants have never been able to organize in such a way as to exploit their numerical superiority, that the aristocrats have been parasites inefficiently managing the land

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and spending its income abroad, that the politicians have thought only of their own individual interests. He is moved more by disgust with the old than by faith in the new.

Margit, daughter of the slightly ennobled Janos and sister of the Nazi Istvan, is a beauty of the rich, dusky-blonde type found only in Hungary. And Margit is sad, because she loves a Jewish medical graduate who will be unable to practice his profession because of recent legislation. Her only hope is that they both will be able to leave Europe. But Sandor Kis, whose ancestors have lived in Hungary for hundreds of years, hesitates to leave, still thinks, perhaps, a miracle may happen, a better day dawn at home.

Of interest to Americans because of their middle-class position, the Szeps nevertheless represent a comparatively small percentage of Hungarians. The millennial civilization of which the country is so proud is fundamentally medieval, with hereditary titled landowners and hungry peasants its most typical products.

—*Sydney Bulletin*, Australia

Count Miklos and his cousin Arpad illustrate some of the contrasting characteristics of the Hungarian nobility. Both have charm, with somewhat over-polished manners. Both scorn business and boast their ignorance of economics. Both think the sort of honor which can be defended by a saber duel more important than plebian honesty.

Baron Arpad's estate in Transylvania was confiscated when the Treaty of Trianon gave that province to Rumania. On the income from a smaller estate left to him in central Hungary, and on his salary as a government functionary with somewhat ill-defined duties, Arpad leads a life of quiet comfort, loyal to all the old etiquette of the Hungarian nobility.

As a patriotic service, Arpad has devoted some of his leisure and a part of his income for the past fifteen years to propaganda against the Trianon Treaty which, aside from his personal material loss, he sincerely regards as a crime against the historic claims and the present qualities of the Hungarian race. This work has taken the form of writing political pamphlets, polemics against the Rumanians, and of entertaining visiting foreigners of note, particularly those from Great Britain, which long was regarded as the country most able and most likely to bring about a peaceful return of the lost provinces.

Since Munich, however, he, like the middle-class Istvan, has turned more and more to Germany, his re-

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spect for Nazi power overcoming his aristocratic distaste for brownshirt vulgarity.

COUNT Miklos, on the other hand, has squandered a fair-sized fortune and descended into a sort of dinner-jacket Bohemianism, running up bar debts which relatives will pay to avoid a scandal. In his cups, he sometimes proclaims that Hungarian nobles should ride out, presumably on a white horse and with a lance, to conquer first Southeastern and then all Europe. Yielding nothing to Hitler, he will say that Hungary is destined to rule the world.

In another drunken mood, Count Miklos will advocate violent revolutionary action by the peasants, saying that all property rights go back originally to seizure, and that ultimate justice lies in the strongest arm. He is of the type whose sins are forgiven because most harmful to the sinner, and the sort of man who usually comes to no good end early, without leaving progeny.

Irmé Bajza is an intelligent peasant who has risen to a sort of foremanship on Baron Arpad's Hungarian estate, directing the planting and the reaping. He has been helped in educating his children, and is personally so much better off than his childhood friends that he is inclined to be conservative, content to let things continue as they are if they but could.

But he has seen the farm income fluctuate, with emphasis on the downward strokes, and he wonders if things can go on as they are. He has friends among landless workers who never have more than enough to eat, and often not enough. Irmé knows that these people have remained at the bottom through all political moves presented as for their betterment. He feels that here history is likely to repeat itself, but he well understands why every peasant is ready to grasp at any straw.

Now through all of these people—from Arpad, the rather correct and formal aristocrat, to Imré the peasant—there run racial and cultural characteristics uniting them despite very marked class distinctions. All have the Frenchman's respect for wine; none save Count Miklos is inclined to abuse alcohol.

All meet the class system which has endured so long with a sort of wry humor, like that of the peasants who delight in telling stories illustrating the incompetence of the lily-handed aristocrat when confronted with a workaday problem of the sort the laborer knows best how to meet.

All are proud of a traditional hospitality, and like to exercise it with a flourish. Each would have delighted in the gesture of the mayor of a town outside Budapest who one evening entertained at supper Elinor Glynn and a couple of American newspaper correspondents. The author of *Three Weeks* happened to remark that she delighted in the music of Hungarian gypsy orchestras. The host excused himself for a moment. Thirty minutes later, evidently summoned by telephone, a band of gypsies walked into the room, playing their instruments.

Your Hungarian peasant might have only a glass of water to offer, but he would present it in such a way as to give the impression that it was a very special sort of water.

And all of them, even the Nazi Istvan, distrust the Germans as a na-

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tion seeking dominance. This feeling existed before Nazis ever were dreamed of, as is shown by the following anonymous folk song, believed to date from the fifteenth century:

O Magyar, think no German true,
No matter how he flatter you:
For though his promises invoke
A letter bigger than your cloak,
And though he add (the big poltroon!)
A seal to match the harvest moon,
You may be sure he means not well—
May Heaven blast his soul to hell!

SOUTHWARD, menaced both by Italy and Germany, just as Hungary has dangerous borders with Germany and the Soviet Union, live the Yugoslavs. When their post-war country was pieced together, it was called the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. This was more precise than the present name, Yugoslavia, meaning the Land of the Southern Slavs, but it, too, failed to indicate the great variety of a very human people inhabiting a land also distinguished by scenic and cultural variety in abundance.

The name of the triune kingdom said nothing of the Bosnians and Hertzegovinians, Slavs who adopted the Moslem religion during the long Turkish rule and still cling to it. It did not distinguish between the Dalmatians, long influenced by Venice when that city was a sea and trading power, and the Montenegrins, who in their barren mountains never ceased to battle the Turks. It recognized no differences between the people of pre-1912 Serbia and the Macedonians added to them after the Balkan wars.

Yet here, too, under all the superficial but very real differences, there is such a unity of temperament and character that an American, making three friends in Belgrade, will be surprised to learn that one is a Serb, the second a Croat, and the third a Montenegrin. Where the more amiable qualities of the Hungarians are marred by a general scorn for lesser breeds without the law, by snobbery, the South Slavs are innately democratic and magnanimous, although they may not seem to be when they indulge in political squabbles among themselves.

In them, deep in Eastern Europe, in the Balkans, one is surprised to recognize qualities thought characteristic of the frontier in the United States—an easy generosity not dampened by poverty, a rough-and-readiness, often a devil-may-care attitude.

Such political democracy as existed was wiped out by King Alexander, who was educated at the Russian court and established a rather stiff court in Belgrade. But the Serbs were all equally persecuted under the Turkish rule, which ended only in the last century. In the small kingdom of pre-1912 they were mostly equal as sustenance farmers, each owning his small bit of land, spinning his own wool, making his own sandals, and selling only such surpluses as he had after providing for his own needs.

Today most of the lawyers and physicians, teachers and politicians, still are only one generation away from the land, and have relatives who are peasants unashamed. In Croatia, long under Hungarian control, and

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Slovenia, ruled by the Austrians for centuries, the people acquired more of the polish and also some of the vices of European civilization, but they, too, were essentially downtrodden groups and consequently retained a feeling of solidarity.

With all this, there is in folk songs and more consciously in the minds of the educated a pride in the old Serbian Empire, which fell to the Turks only after fierce fighting, and in the long struggle against alien rule which finally brought independence. This is not without its cultural aspect, for some Serbs will tell you that Italian Renaissance painters learned much from the Serbian artists who created the really marvellous frescoes hidden away and half-forgotten in old churches of South Serbia.

This pride, coupled with the fact that the country was greatly enlarged during the last war, fosters a certain warlike spirit among some officers, who fall victim to the European curse of desire for domination and solemnly assure you that he who controls the Balkans can rule the continent.

But more characteristic is the attitude of a jolly, fat salesman, who said when the world economic crisis first began to be felt in Yugoslavia: "It is just as well; if we cannot sell our wine and our food, we will drink and eat it, sit in the shade and sing."

Of course, the more engaging characteristics of a people often expose it to political disasters, rather than protecting it from them. The South Slavs have experienced every sort of political ill, imposed from within and from without, and are now in a position where the worst may again be expected, from within and from without.

In this connection, emphasis should be placed upon a fact often forgotten outside Yugoslavia, and perhaps not fully realized by many politicians in Belgrade. This is that the great uneducated masses in Yugoslavia look benevolently upon Russian communism, not because it is communism, but because it is Russian. To them Russia is still the protector of all Slavs, and if communism is good enough for Russia it is good enough for them.

At the time of writing, Soviet troops have marched into Bessarabia, and Yugoslav rulers appeared to be preparing to bow to German might. It seems probable, therefore, that when the time comes for a showdown between Hitler and Stalin, with Russia already established in the Balkans, the old pro-Russian sentiment in Yugoslavia may be of considerable importance.

THESE are the people, these Hungarians, these Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, who stand next in the path of the regimenters when and if the Nazis and Fascists settle their score with Great Britain. Hitler can conquer them; the Turks did that. Germans under the Habsburgs dominated Hungary and large parts of Yugoslavia for hundreds of years. The Croats retained their individuality under Hungarian domination.

So perhaps, if the Nazi rule lasts for a thousand years, as Hitler says it will, your descendants, still American, can visit Hungary and Yugoslavia and find there people recognizable as descendants of the sort of individuals described in the foregoing.

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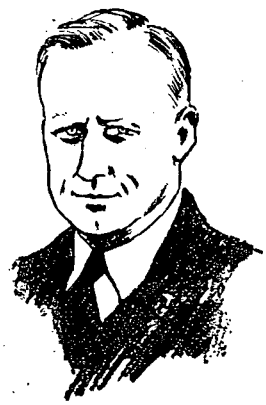
Persons and Personages

HITLER'S IAGO

By EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

THE first German Encyclopedias appearing in 1934 under Nazi censorship do not even mention "Ribby's" name. Yet he had been Hitler's savior, the purse-bearer of his party at the most critical moment of its career when, in November 1932, one length from the post, it was about to suffer financial breakdown. The son-in-law of the champagne king, Henckell, together with the ex-cavalry officer, von Papen, convinced the industrial magnates of the utility of the ex-house-painter as a battering-ram against the trade unions and extracted the necessary millions for his cause.



It was because he, Joachim von Ribbentrop, had adopted eagerly only a short while before, drawn by an alluring picture of his great chances as a politician by his friend, Count Helldorf, now Police President of Berlin. Count Helldorf was then better known as the organizer of the first tentative "pogrom" in Berlin's West End than as the hero of a scandal which had ended with a considerable term behind iron bars for a forged signature. But Hitler has never been squeamish, and he succumbed readily enough to the diplomatic appearance of the former commercial traveller in sparkling wine, whisky and other potable amenities. He had a good excuse: the only daughter of the German champagne millionaire had yielded to the same charms, and she had had more opportunities to come in touch with men of breeding and education than Adolf Hitler, the hero of the outcasts. Ribbentrop—at first without the handle "von" to his name acquired later in a somewhat curious way by having himself adopted by an aunt, widow of an ennobled general of the same name—must have been a slender, good-looking young fellow, with a glib tongue as befits the wine merchant, and with many ready anecdotes collected during his roving years, and during the war which brought him a commission. They had led him to Canada, Britain and France.

His smattering of foreign languages combined with the splendor of his father-in-law's wealth reflected in the Dahlem home of the Ribbentrops convinced Hitler that here indeed had he found the ideal representative of his own future diplomacy. It did not matter that Ribby—so his intimates called him—spoke an English which smacked more of the platelayer of the

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Canadian Pacific Railway, Ribbentrop's pre-war profession, than of the diplomatic corps; there were not many around Hitler who could have found out. It did not matter that the old Nazi guard hated him; Hitler likes feuds between his lieutenants, for they give him a chance to remain supreme. When he rose to power, he had four foreign ministers: Rosenberg the Balt, the theoretician of the Party, the race-wizard; Dr. Goebbels, whose Propaganda Ministry at once snatched half its tasks from the F.O.; Ribbentrop, who was permitted to build up a huge Foreign Office of the Party with 700 employees; and Baron von Neurath, the official bearer of Germany's Foreign Service.

THE inner circle gave Ribbentrop the name of Iago quoted by Sir Nevile Henderson. Not that Hitler had qualifications for an Othello; but Ribby duly "poisoned his ear" and within a few years won unlimited favor and beat all his competitors. Alfred Rosenberg, the fanatical anti-Bolshevik upon whose teachings the whole Nazi doctrine was built, was first driven into a blind alley and then made ridiculous by the Ribbentrop-Molotov treaty. Neurath, one of the few members of the real nobility who swallowed their pride and accepted the "régime of the hooligans," lost his job early in 1938 when, together with the more responsible of the generals, he opposed the mapped-out strokes upon Austria and Czechoslovakia; he now lives in honorable exile as "Protector" at Prague and most likely racks his brains about how to protect himself. Goebbels, whom Ribbentrop found the most flexible and the most likely co-plotter among the adepts surrounding the new Teutonic divinity, has to do all sorts of jumps and pranks to regain the favor of the All-Powerful which he has lost more than once already. Only Göring so far dares "the greatest German diplomat that ever lived, Bismarck not excluded"—as Hitler once tactfully within earshot of the present Prince Bismarck praised his dear Ribby. But Göring does not feel so happy about it either.

Is it a curious blind spot in a leader who otherwise, with the cunning of the schizophrene (split personality), varies his favors and tantrums so as to prevent anybody from feeling safe? An incapacity to read the mind of a man as perspicuously hollow as that of this pseudo-gentleman, this sham-diplomat, covetous of the most superficial form of fame bought with the happiness and the life of millions? An unusual loyalty toward a comrade who stood by him at a critical moment? Whatever it be, it is hard to believe that the Führer should not have seen with the rest of the world what a series of blunders Ribbentrop has made wherever he has exercised his amateur diplomacy. There was not much to spoil at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, his first task, or else he would have spoiled it. As an ambassador "in partibus" his positive results were confined to contradicting in principle the Foreign Office—as long as he could not rule it—and to making the services at home and abroad gape at his profound ignorance. Even so he resolved, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James' in 1936, to break the Franco-British relationship.

His method for that performance, starting with a Hitler-salute to H.M.

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the King when he presented his credentials, having extended and rebuilt the Embassy of the poorest Great Power on earth with an expense of hundreds of thousands of pounds, earned him the nick-name "Brickendrop," the scorn and contempt not only of his foreign colleagues, but of his own ridiculously numerous staff. Yet for well nigh two years he flattered himself with being about to conclude an Anglo-German alliance coveted as fervently by Hitler, until the present war, as he now slanders Britain as the "war-monger." The Ambassador tried to outdo his colleagues in London in opulent dinners and receptions; he made speeches whenever the opportunity presented itself, and tried to win British public opinion by claiming her colonies. He certainly won the record of having missed no opportunity to blunder.

His wooing turned into the most furious anti-British campaign as soon as he was entrusted with the Foreign Office. Hitler liked it because he had begun to see his hopes dispelled and wanted the frantic applause of somebody he—in his innermost conscience—probably considered as a social superior, when he started the series of conquests planned long before and resisted by all those around him who had preserved a grain of reason. Ribbentrop became his "*âme damnée*," repeating like Cata his "*ceterum censeo*" about the necessary destruction of the British Empire; and at the same time assuring his master that Britain—and with her France—would never fight, whatever Hitler might attempt elsewhere. As he proved right in that assertion when Hitler tore up the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty, when he occupied the Rhineland, when he denounced the Locarno Pact, when he raped Austria and swallowed Czechoslovakia, Ribby's prestige became unassailable. Both forgot that the pitcher can go to the well once too often.

IT IS evidently upon Ribbentrop's "inside knowledge" that right from the beginning the Nazi propaganda built its campaign against Britain. As long as Mr. Chamberlain was still remembered in Germany as the harbinger of peace, the Man of Munich, the poison pens were directed against Churchill, Eden and Duff Cooper, who had neglected to win favor with Herr Hitler's Ambassador while he clumsily tried to impress London society with the Caesarean splendor of his receptions. Not satisfied with the new gigantic dimensions given to the one-time modest and dignified abode of Prince Lichnowsky, Dr. Sthamer and Dr. von Hoesch, on the lines of the Führer's architectural—and not only architectural—megalomania, he had equipped the Embassy with carpets, paintings and other treasures "borrowed" from public art galleries. He had employed the best chef, the most accomplished pastrycook, the most expert butler available—and yet the British had failed to see in him the great ambassador, the Talleyrand and Metternich of our day.

They needed a lesson. More and more Hitler's confidant neglected his London office, where a competent staff of experienced diplomats, richly blended with uniformed party officials, did the routine work, while the nominal chief rushed to Berlin and back in his large private fourteen-seater monoplane kept ready for his sudden whims day and night. When

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he succeeded in supplanting Neurath he took good care that his successor was a man without ambition, exhausted by years of struggle against Nazi displeasure. The "reform" of the Foreign Office, besides diluting this old, hitherto nearly autonomous body where the Junker class had been all-powerful, with his minions from the Brownshirt ranks, consisted above all in the creation of a new diplomatic uniform. The modest, dark-blue coat reluctantly adopted by Stresemann as a concession to international observance, gave way to a sort of comedy admiral's make-up vying successfully (in German eyes) with Göring's most exuberant fancy uniforms. And where other representatives of a country's foreign policy used to appear with a secretary, perhaps an interpreter, Ribbentrop presented himself with a suite of from forty to fifty retainers in a fleet of aeroplanes or flashing cars.

HE TAKES care that as often as possible he is seen and photographed with Hitler, or he delegates that role to his wife or the youngest of his four children, so that it is known when the Führer honors the thirty-room Ribbentrop home in Dahlem, or his impressive country estate, sixty miles from Berlin. He has called his last boy Adolf, after Germany's "savior," and he relies on the many ties, including their fervent jealousy of Britain, which bind the chief of the Government and the leader in his foreign policy, in order to avoid disfavor, with all it implies in Nazi Germany, should some of his daring and heedless plans miscarry. Whether one or both of them consider the pact concluded in Moscow on August 26, 1939, by now as a blunder, is an open question; in their blind hatred of British statesmanship they certainly counted it then as Ribby's masterstroke. They were both incapable of feeling the shame which reddened the faces of most of their old followers. Ribbentrop's recent reception in Rome, the Pope's condemnation of the Nazi misdeeds, may for a moment have opened the haughtily sleepy eyes of the would-be Talleyrand. But it needs more than that to awaken this queer mixture of mental dullness and ambitious polypraxy (trying many remedies on the patient). I am afraid there will have to be a world catastrophe before somebody can tell this Iago:

"Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight. . . ."

It's Nice Work If—

Recent events have certainly demonstrated that the moldering remnants of morality have been pushed aside, and higher ideals have been substituted. For example, our German nation fully understands the viewpoint of young women who transcend bourgeois morality to the end of replenishing the number of German lives lost in this war.

—Rudolf Hess, Nazi leader,
in *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*

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But the Rock's defences may be too strong for an exhausted people

Spain Shouts for Gibraltar

By I. ABEYTUA

Translated from *Hoy*, Mexico, D.F., Liberal Weekly Magazine

GIBRALTAR for Spain! This shout resounds in Madrid at the same time that fascist students in Milan and Rome are shouting imprecations against England and France.

Spain, and particularly Southern Spain, which can daily contemplate the "Crouching Lion," had long forgotten the old scar from the amputation of the pound of flesh which the English Shylock exacted in 1704. The question had never been brought up in modern times until 1919 when General Primo de Rivera—who up to that time was only a bon vivant whom nobody suspected of political aspirations—risked his office as Captain General of Catalonia to propose to England the exchange of Gibraltar for Tangiers, a rather absurd idea since Tangiers was not Spanish but international territory. England, of course, did not take this proposal seriously. Neither did the Spanish monarchy dare sponsor it, so de Rivera's suggestion remained only an historical curiosity.

About fifteen years later, another army man, Julio Ruiz de Alda, who became famous in the flight of the *Ne Plus Ultra* to South America, again proposed the return of Gibraltar to Spain. He wrote a few anonymous articles which were published in the Madrid daily, *Ya*, and these, collected later in a pamphlet, served as a propaganda platform for the Falangist movement. This same Ruiz de Alda became one of the three top leaders of the Falangists, but he did not succeed in stirring the Spanish people to irredentist aspirations for Gibraltar. It was generally thought, and not without reason, that the moment to claim the Rock had not arrived and that the Falange had no other aim for the time being than to create difficulties for the Republic.

Great Britain had coveted the Rock for fifty years, since the days of Cromwell, before it finally passed into her

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hands in 1704 in one of those dynastic wars—which had nothing to do with the interests of the Spanish nation—to determine whether an Austrian Habsburg or a French Bourbon should rule Spain. (Before that, Gibraltar had been held by the Spanish since 1462, after the expulsion of the Moors.) For over 300 years possession of the Rock has been both the most evident proof of British naval strength and the principal guarantee of its continuance. Spain, almost always with the help of France, made a number of unsuccessful attempts to retake the Rock, culminating in a last long, futile siege in 1783 during the war with Great Britain while she was busy fighting against the emancipation of her North American colonies. From then on Spain was so busy elsewhere or so weak that she had to lay aside hope of regaining it. While the Spanish have never thought of Gibraltar with the bitterness that the French felt over Alsace and Lorraine after 1871, no Spanish politician has ever been reconciled to the British presence there.

Are the present shouts in Burgos and Madrid, which coincide with those of the Black Shirts in Italy, more timely by being supported and amplified by Hitler's newspapers in Berlin? There is no doubt that all Spain desires that the Rock of Gibraltar should return to the possession of the Peninsular Government. But many wonder whether, if England had no other part in the Mediterranean than that of a traveller who is allowed to pass through, the German Empire would not be a greater danger to "Mare Nostrum." Spain lost Gibraltar by intervening in a war of coalitions in the defence of interests which were by no means vital to her. If she joins a second World War to regain Gibraltar with the help of the Italians and Germans, what would be her fate if the dictators lose the war? And if Germany wins, will Gibraltar become more Spanish than it is now? If Spain could choose freely, she would vote for peace. After three years of the inhuman fratricidal struggle, another war would leave her prostrate for several centuries.

HOW DOES Gibraltar live under British rule? The English do not want the population to grow and have limited it to 25,000. In appearance it is a cosmopolitan city like any free port. Down the whole length of the main street splendid bars full of British officers alternate with Hindu-operated shops stocked with multicolored bracelets and rings, artistically worked leather goods, carvings and oriental perfumes. At the top of the Alameda, not far from San Roque, one can see the wide-brimmed hats of young men who sing Spanish songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. The English accent of the monosyllabic British officials is often drowned by the sound of Andalusian songs.

This motley crowd is controlled by an English governor who schedules all the activities of the peninsula to the regularity of clockwork.

In 1938 the peaceful life of Gibraltar was rudely disturbed. It was shortly before the Munich Pact. The German navy headed at full steam in the direction of the Rock. Twenty-four hours later thirteen French warships were in the port facing the German ships. In London, an ex-governor of Gibraltar, Sir Charles Harrington, declared publicly that the Rock is almost defenceless. Things

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calmed down rapidly, and after the treaty of appeasement the officers of the *Graf Spee* walked arm in arm with their French and British comrades-at-arms from the other warships.

Were Harrington's apprehensions justified? The fortifications of Gibraltar are one of the best-guarded secrets in the world. All that can be seen are about a dozen cannons. The anti-aircraft artillery is reported to be of the latest model. But nobody knows positively what England keeps in this labyrinth of subterranean galleries. It is asserted that each section chief is ignorant of what is hidden in the next gallery which is commanded by another officer. It is probable, however, that Great Britain has provided the depths of its formidable Mediterranean Rock with the latest artifices of defensive science. The oil tankers, the refrigerator ships from Australia and Argentina loaded with thousands of tons of meat, the constant visits of the English squadron suggest that in the interior of the fortress years' supplies of foodstuffs and munitions are accumulated.

There is, in fact, no other so strategically placed spot in the whole world as this rocky peninsula which is only two-and-one-half miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide. The rock at its top is 1,390 feet high. On its eastern side it is a sharply pointed block. On the north there is an abrupt descent, and the sea touches it on the south and west. Below the imposing fortress lie the small town and the magnificent port. Toward the north there is a short isthmus, a bare stretch of sand about one-and-one-half miles long and one-third of a mile wide, which connects the Rock with Spain. This is "La Linea," a no man's land with iron gates at either end which are closed at ten o'clock at night and guarded by British soldiers. A short road leads from La Linea to the Spanish village of San Roque.

England has been continuously improving and strengthening the defences of the Rock and no longer sends superannuated generals to this outpost for rest and retirement. The previous governor who, particularly after the Munich crisis, worked eighteen hours a day to bring the fortifications up-to-date, was General Sir Edmund Ironside who at the outbreak of the war became the commander in chief of the British troops and is now in charge of the critical home defence.

BUT, in spite of this vigilance, is Gibraltar today invulnerable as it was when it faced the siege of 1783? An attack on the Rock by infantry appears as impracticable now as then, unless the attacker is prepared to lose many thousands of men. A sea landing of troops? British naval power would prevent it. But if Gibraltar were attacked today it would be a triple offensive of infantry, artillery and air forces. The rocks could be covered by infantry with the incessant fire of machine guns. The artillery could attack from the north on the stretch of sand which connects the Rock with the Iberian Peninsula. Batteries around the Bay of Algeciras facing the Rock could now bombard all its flanks. The heavy batteries of the port of Ceuta—the other Herculean column—could co-operate in the bombardment. A circle of fire would surround Gibraltar on all sides except the west.

Perhaps even this encircling aggression would not make any dent on the

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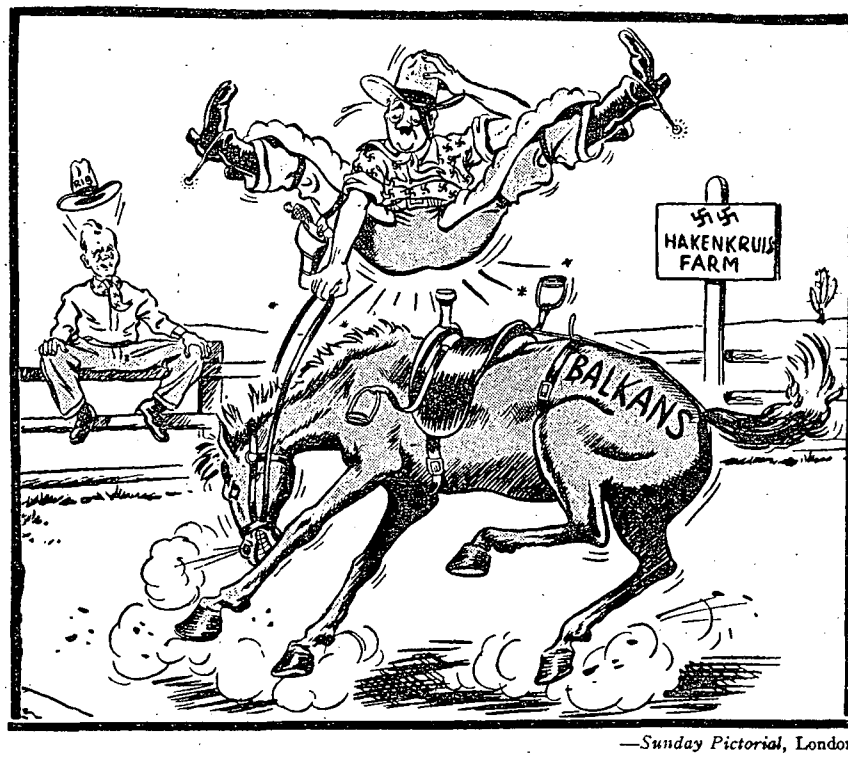
fortified Rock. The sand isthmus might be cut through by sudden explosions. (It is reported that it has been mined for that purpose.) The defenders of the Rock, completely protected, might even come out from the bombardment unscathed.

What could air forces accomplish against Gibraltar? The height of the Rock gives its anti-aircraft artillery considerable advantage, but, due to its small size, it cannot have an aerodrome of its own, and that deprives it of the precious assistance of pursuit planes. An attack by parachutists is not a great danger. They would be shattered against the walls. There remains another risk, that of blockade, if a large air force with a great quantity of bombs and other explosives could keep the British navy from the straits at the entrance of the port.

France's acceptance of the armistice terms has disrupted defence plans of the Allies to ship foodstuffs from French Morocco and to use Algiers, about 180 miles away, as a base from which pursuit planes could bring reinforcements of men, munitions and provisions; while, if Spain entered the struggle, there would be no lack of excellent bases from which German planes, already in France, could attack—Malaga, Cadiz and Cartagena particularly.

These are the practical possibilities in a struggle for possession of the Rock of Gibraltar. Gibraltar belongs to Spain, historically and geographically, and ought to return to Spain, but not at the cost of new bloodshed and not at the risk that the change of rulers of the Rock may be a change in language only.



—*Sunday Pictorial*, London

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The professional pacifist often has to vary his goods for the market

Peace, and Its Wily Preachers

By CLARA STUDER

ORGANIZED pacifism, in order to be self-supporting, may not get too far out on a limb. A swing around the circle of American peace societies reveals that a peace leader may still declare that war is terrible and he is against it, but not to the extent of putting all his eggs into one anti-war basket.

Some peace organizations, notably the Fellowship of Reconciliation, are as old as the World War. Others, like Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt's National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, are of post-war origin. At least one group, the American League against War and Fascism, was sired by the advent of nazism. An entire crop of American keepers-out turned up last fall, as well as certain lusty young articles like the Stay-Out-of-Europe Legion. In addition to the so-labeled peace societies there are, of course, numerous other groups, religious and secular, which have included peace advocacy in their programs.

When maintenance of peace became a question last September of retrieving world peace, the will to bring it back was aroused in this country. People were asking: "I don't want war, so what can I do?" And the answer was, organize for peace. The National Legion of the Mothers of America was formed and a couple of million women joined it. Mothers Mobilizing Against War, with 100,000 members, filed incorporation papers.

They organized, signed petitions, bought stickers and wrote to congressmen. Because this country was separated from the fighting by the Atlantic, they were able to petition their Government as individuals or members of a group against repeal of the arms embargo. And while the embargo was repealed nevertheless, their letters may have been instrumental in keeping the genuinely cash-and-carry and other provisions in the new Neutrality Act. They stuck their necks out for peace and won something, at least. It seems unlikely that the Mo-

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bilized Mothers, for example, will be penalized, in accordance with a recent suggestion to Congress, by having their names impounded with the "pressure" correspondence on embargo repeal, as a promising source of fifth-column names. But obviously the mere hint of suspicion of subversion in such correspondence will serve to checkmate subsequent expressions of opinion; will enable congressmen and senators to cite the decrease in anti-war mail volume as evidence that "opinion is changing in favor of intervention."

PEACE organization receipts from dues and other levies will shrink to pre-war level, print orders will have to be cut and offices closed down as dread of war is submerged by fear of persecution for pacifism. But many of the peace groups may survive more easily than they did in other wars. This time they have been smarter. Whether from foresight or thanks to differences in the current international set-up, about nine-tenths of the peace organizations have managed to sidestep total non-belligerence and cater to one prejudice or another. Not that they have openly taken sides, but just slipping in an occasional "atrocious" here and an "unspeakable" there has done the trick. That should spell survival for the bulk of the peace organizations right on through the present witch-hunt.

An important exception to the rule of astute inconsistency in upholding peace is the international Fellowship of Reconciliation. "Unregenerate pacifists," is how one of their officials described the Fellowship membership. Their outlook is, as it happens, more religious than secular and resembles in that respect the Quakers. The Society of Friends and certain other religious groups have also indulged to a considerable extent their hands-off-hate tendencies. A significant fact about the Fellowship is that though, like the Friends, it is engaged in bringing aid to political and racial refugees, its members have not found it necessary to straddle the peace fence.

The "regenerated" peace groups, on the other hand, have talked peace and dabbled in international animosities to greater or lesser extent. Dr. Max Weis of World Peaceways concedes frankly that neither side in the current conflict has a corner on righteousness or on iniquity. But other peace groups are outspokenly anti-communist, anti-fascist; or quite voluble in their condemnation of "apologists for Hitler." Still others have been charged with anti-Semitism under the cloak of peace. In other words you might all along be a rabid partisan on questions of international dispute and still be a member in good letterhead standing of a reputable peace society. You might be Dorothy Thompson and a member of the National Advisory Council of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Of seven speakers at a single peace meeting recently, only one (from the Fellowship) did not emit a single snarl at Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Hearst or Father Coughlin. As for the others, it was precisely as if they were for peace with their fingers crossed and thus felt constrained to say, "Now look, audience, you can't hold it against me if I'm against war so long as I hereby properly despise this or that Mr. Dreadful." They sea-

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soned their arguments with tidbits like "the torturing heel of fascism."

The bi-focal reason for existence of some of the peace groups is indicated in their organization names. There was no question, for instance, as to the strictly honorable intentions of the American League Against War and Fascism. In 1937 the name was altered to read the American League for Peace and Democracy, but the second half of the dual name was taken, or mistaken, as a secret synonym for communism and, what with the Soviet-Nazi pact, this group was induced to dissolve in February of this year. The last word in the label, "Women's International League for Peace and Freedom," implies vigorous anti-fascism.

"Of course," an officer of this group said at a peace meeting in New York, "I can sympathize with those who want to shoot and bomb Hitlerism out of existence."

JUST how surely peace in the abstract has become the present-day conception was pointed out by Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk, president of the National Peace Conference, at a meeting in May of forty peaceful or peace-inclined groups at International House, in New York. "The Conference," he said, "has exploded the myth, believed by many persons, that the only concern of the peace movement is to keep the country out of war. Never before in the history of the American peace movement has there been such a broad and general acceptance of the utter necessity for the co-operation of our Government with other nations in the projection and maintenance of some form of world Government."

This same meeting adopted certain "peace planks" for political platforms in the 1940 campaign. The first of these is "Keep the United States out of war," but the other five are concerned with implementing world peace through world co-operation—if not in this incarnation, then possibly in the next.

This ably staffed and organized group, financed by the Carnegie Foundation, acts as a sort of mother-superior to affiliated groups. It is concerned with "peaceful change," "the basic things for which democracy stands," future world harmony based on Foreign Policy Association standards, rather than with an early end to the European conflict—or what is commonly known as a "premature peace."

A study of the highly readable literature of the National Peace Conference reveals that it is still pensive over American perfidy that laid the League of Nations' egg on Europe's doorstep and then ran off and left the Continent to hatch it as best it might. Summed up in a nutshell, the Conference is resolved that the United States hereafter will stand by for dogged setting-hen duty abroad.

In the matter of methods for realizing enduring peace, the National Peace Conference sometimes comes tc grips with certain affiliated groups which are more actively committed to Peace Now and keeping out of this particular war, even though it may cost us the lofty privilege of helping to draw up the peace terms. Limited intervention as against isolation, disarmament as against preparedness, and this pet hate as opposed to that one—these are the three subjects which oftenest, it appears, lead to

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inter-group dissension in the peace movement.

It must be said, in fairness, that working for an altruistic organization presents many problems. Rent and salaries, however small, must be paid; similarly, the printer. The sponsor, essential to existence, quite often has an axe to grind. Or the cash sponsors may be cantankerous and over-cautious dowagers. Booklets, motion pictures, meeting halls, all the peace propaganda tools, cost money. Peace promotion to be effective must be adequately financed. And the poor devils who mean so well never have anything to contribute in a monetary way. Yet active peace promoters, even the scrawny ones, must eat. And it is surely for this reason that hell may be paved with peace societies along with other well-intentioned forms of endeavor.

"We can't afford to climb too far out on a limb in favor of retaining the arms embargo, because it might be repealed anyway," a peace organization official explained. Faces must be saved in the peace movement. And a potent hate-in-the-hole goes far toward balancing budgets, when limb-climbing proves catastrophic.

DURING the World War there were some men and women, who were not mere "occasional" pacifists. There are some abroad today, like Philippe Vernier and Jean Giono in France, who still believe peace is vital enough in time of war to refuse to recant for the sake of personal liberty or gain. There were American men and women who, during the last war faced economic ruin, rotted in jail for the same reason—but how many were officials of peace organizations?

Our Expanding Language

Once more a proper name is turned into a common one. ["New Word for Traitor," *The Living Age*, July 1940.] To writers weary of the search for alternatives, remarks the London *Times*, "Quisling" is a gift from the gods. If they had been ordered to invent a new word for traitor and given carte blanche with the alphabet, they could not have hit upon a more brilliant combination of letters:

"Aurally, it contrives to suggest something at once slippery and tortuous. Visually, it has the supreme merit of beginning with a "Q," which (with one august exception) has long seemed to the British mind to be a crooked, uncertain and slightly disreputable letter, suggestive of the questionable, the querulous, the quavering, of quaking quagmires and quivering quicksands, of quibbles and quarrels, of queasiness, quackery, qualms and Quilp."

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

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In the Wake of Nazi Invasions

Adapted from *Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm Conservative Daily

DANISH newspapers are discussing the possibility of extensive trade among Nordic countries. The number of nations with which Denmark still has economic relations diminishes almost daily. Besides Germany there remain only her neighbors to the north and, for the time being, the Baltic states and Russia, and the exchange of goods with the other Scandinavian countries, which was broken off so suddenly by the war in the North, has not yet been resumed. Problems of transportation and payment still have to be solved. Swedish and Finnish firms demand cash in advance and—according to the Danish periodical, *Finanstidende* — this is not astonishing under present circumstances.

Apparently the only basis on which trade among the Scandinavian countries can be re-established is by exchange of goods on an equal basis. This would mean that Denmark, which has a yearly import surplus of 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 kronor [the Danish kronor is 20 cents at par, is worth slightly over 19 cents at current exchange], will have to increase steeply her exports to those countries. During the (normal) year of 1938, Denmark's imports from Sweden totaled 107,000,000 kronor; from Norway, 41,000,000; and from Finland, 29,000,000. Wood products imported from Sweden amounted to 28,000,000 and paper to 16,000,000. Imports of the same goods from Finland were 16,000,000 and 13,000,000 respectively. Denmark also imported from Sweden 13,000,000 kronor worth of non-ferrous metals and 11,000,000 kronor worth of iron and steel as well as machines worth 8,000,000 kronor. The principal imports from Norway were 17,000,000 kronor worth of fertilizer and 6,000,000 of paper. All these products are of great importance for the maintenance of Denmark's economic life. Norway can still supply sufficient quantities of wood, paper and nitrates, but it is doubtful whether Sweden will be able to export the usual amount of iron and steel goods.

Breaking down Denmark's exports for 1938, one finds that Sweden took 75,000,000 kronor worth of Danish goods; Norway, 41,000,000; Finland, 24,000,000. So, whereas Denmark's trade with Norway and Finland was more or less balanced, she had a rather high import surplus from Sweden. Also, a large part of Denmark's exports to Sweden consisted of transit goods such as motor cars, machines, oils and fats, for which foreign raw materials are required. Denmark's trade with the countries which provide those raw materials is now cut off.

Danish exports of agricultural products to the Scandinavian countries were not important in normal

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years, but, with the present blockade, there might be an increased market for foodstuffs in Norway and Finland. Sweden is more independent in this respect. However, it is problematical that Denmark will have any normal surplus of dairy products, since it is well known that she needs fodder from other countries. Denmark can import indispensable quantities of wood, paper, iron and fertilizer only by increasing her exports; and she can do this only by reducing her own consumption of food.

A Danish newspaper writes: "If we could find a basis which would enable us to work together peacefully, as is natural among the Nordic countries, a ray of hope would shine in the darkness which now surrounds us."

MANY released Norwegian prisoners of war have returned to find their places of employment have been destroyed or have closed down because the British blockade prevents exports to the West. According to *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen*, new German-language daily which is the official mouthpiece of the German authorities, these are being offered work on extensive new fortifications which are being built not only along the coast but in the interior of the country. Large amounts of war material are being shipped from Germany for this purpose, but it is understood that Norwegian sailors are not to be employed in the transportation of such supplies or of German troops. Norwegian ships are now permitted to trade again, however, along the Danish and German coasts and in the Baltic.

The food situation has improved to some extent in Oslo and the district around the capital, but it still remains critical in more isolated parts of the country. Those regions which depend on lumbering or whaling are particularly hard hit. The continuation of the war prevents the sending of whaling vessels to the Arctic Ocean. Trondheim, also, has had a serious food shortage. The quota for matches there is one box a week, and the baking of cake was forbidden for some time. Clothing stores were kept shut for a week because there was nothing to sell. They are open again now, but a very intricate rationing system has been introduced. Fish and potatoes are the only commodities of which there has been an adequate supply in the last months. The fact that Trondheim was the depot for German troops during the campaign in Northern Norway did not improve the food situation. Also, after Namsos, Steinkjer and other neighboring towns had gone up in flames, Trondheim had to share her meager supplies with their inhabitants. Reconstruction of the devastated area is proceeding very slowly because of shortage of material and transport difficulties.

Though labor contracts are to remain in force, strikes, lock-outs and other labor disputes have been forbidden. New contracts must be concluded within a limited period of time and, if the parties cannot agree, a Government board at Oslo will make the final decision.

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Straws in the Wind

A French Definition

Let's begin by getting this into our heads. A German is neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman. He is, rather, a gentleman who all his life suffers because his wife does not resemble a Frenchwoman and because he cannot be mistaken for an Englishman. . . . The German does not love the formula of liberty, equality and fraternity devised by the French people: to liberty, he prefers order, to equality he prefers hierarchy, and to fraternity he prefers an insurance policy against accident, theft, murder, divorce—in short, against his neighbor.

—*L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris (before the German occupation)

Merrie England

If home propaganda includes maintaining a cheery spirit, I hand the palm to Fortnum and Mason for deftness of touch. A well-designed wrapping paper is over-printed with "overheard" remarks, such as: "He's so exquisite, he's in a preserved occupation," "Don't look round, dear, but I think we're being bombed," "He's got a magnetic what?" "Godfrey's bound to win," "Camels go seven days without water, but your Uncle Arthur went without it for seven years," "Even her hair is khaki now," "Nanny crocheted Baby into one of the sleeves," "They've gone to Scotland for the shooting." I suggest a dash of Fortnum's in place of the bitters now used.

—"Critic" in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Definition of Freedom

Fight and live to combat England's blockade and despotism, then you will secure for yourself the necessary freedom to exist! Fight and live for beauty, health, culture, leisure! England will pay for everything! Fight and live to destroy England and her lying hypocrisy, so that Germany may live! Form your battalions: the Führer commands and we follow!

—*Der Angriff*, Berlin

True Friendship

It was with unconscious humor that Herr Helfferich, distinguished visitor from the Reich, reminded a gathering held in Osaka in his honor that "signing pacts is not enough to insure true friendship between any two nations." He is right, of course, but a moment's reflection would have reminded him that Japan has found this out for herself. It was one of the "valuable experiences" which Herr Helfferich also referred to as being occasionally exchanged between nations.

—*Japan Chronicle*

Compensations of Blitzkrieg

One result of the parachute menace is to raise the possibilities of mere everyday life to a level of excitement which can't be beaten even by the wildest fiction. As one of our best detective story writers put it in a letter the other day, "you've no idea how difficult it is to finish a modest thriller when all your neighbors are mucking about in the dawn looking for huns with sub-machine guns and collapsible bicycles to arrive by parachute."

—*Time and Tide*, London

Post War, French Version

Assume the war is over. One Sunday morning, two young Swiss were casting about for something to do.

"I've got it!" one cried. "Let's make a bicycle tour of Germany."

"Swell," his companion replied, "but what'll we do this afternoon?"

—*Paris-Soir*

The Compleat Diplomatist

Von Ribbentrop dropped another brick when he talked to neutral newspaper correspondents about protecting Norway, while German aeroplanes dropped bombs on Oslo. He dropped so many in London (including the Nazi salute to the King) that he was colloquially known as "Von Brickendrop."

William Teeling, the author, tells of one

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of the German Ambassador's social rudenesses.

He was holding a reception at the Embassy, and instead of doing the courteous thing and sending the invitations in English, the language of the country to which he was accredited, he ordered that they should be sent in German.

Reprisals were not long in coming. Mr. Winston Churchill, deliberately misreading the invitation, thanked the Ambassador for his "kind invitation to dinner at 8 P.M." though it was for a reception at 10 o'clock.

The Japanese representatives' reply was even more devastating. It was a four-page letter in their own language, and it left von Ribbentrop in complete doubt whether the invitation had been accepted or declined.

—*Star*, Johannesburg

Inspirational Note

"There is only one nation—England—beyond the North Sea, that wants to bar our way. There sit capitalists, plutocrats, wealthy aristocrats, men whose only idols are gold and capital, who care for nothing except profit. They begrudge the German people their freedom and their unity and they begrudge you, German youth, your future."

—Labor Front Leader Dr. Robert Ley, quoted in the *National Zeitung*, Essen

God and the Empire

After God, the Empire was surely the greatest power for good in the world. When trouble began, he said, other nations clustered around it like chickens around a hen. The Empire had enemies, continued the Major, but he believed them to be all part of God's plan in using the British Empire as an instrument for bringing about a better world.

—*Brecon and Radnor Express*

Streamlined Manor House

The gracious dignity of this famous old house has been enhanced with the passing of the years. Every modern comfort (including excellent A. R. P. facilities) has been blended in.

—Advertisement in the *Times*, London

Bomb Antidote

The people were stunned by the news just after the first race at Wolverhampton yesterday but, of course, carried on, and presumably the meeting today will go through, if only as a gesture of stoutness.

—Racing Expert of the *Daily Mail*, London

Aside to Mr. Hitler

Are we so degenerate, so lacking in trust in our leaders and in our ultimate destiny, as to doubt that the great institution of the British Empire is divinely inspired to be the instrument of our Maker's purpose here on earth?

—*Oxford Mail*

It's Not So Simple

There is only one way for the Allies to win this war. That is by killing Germans, by killing them ruthlessly and in large numbers and by destroying German property and bringing the German people face to face with the grim reality of the invasion of German territory—which they have never known.

—From an editorial in the *Panama-American*, Panama

The Reverend on the War

During three weeks in different parts of France I saw no British soldier under the influence of drink. The army keeps to itself and has little to do with the civilian population. It was very rarely indeed that I saw an officer or soldier with a lady, and when I did the circumstances would not have justified me in attributing evil to the association.

—The Rev. Thomas Tiplady in the *Methodist Recorder*, England

Cabinet Can Do No Wrong

I was very disgusted to find on the front page of Friday's *News Chronicle* the article headed "M.P.s of all Parties Think the Cabinet has Blundered." Such criticism does not display a loyal spirit, and certainly will not help to win the war. Surely we can give our rulers credit for having acted for the best.

—Letter in *News-Chronicle*, London

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Those 'moral allies,' Germany and Russia, appear to be erecting mutual buffers

Severed Poland

By NICHOLAS BASSECHES

Adapted from *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

THE MUTUAL invasion of Poland by Germany and Russia, and the division of the country between them, were taken as strong proof of the Nazi-Soviet friendship which was implied by the Non-aggression Pact of August 1939. The policies of the two nations since the occupation may throw further light on the ostensible depth of this friendship.

The Germans now are making use of the Ukrainian nationalists to form a buffer—which might later become a spearhead—against their moral allies, the Russians. Previously, the Reich had double-crossed the Ukrainians, who have tried to co-operate with them. In the first partition of Czechoslovakia, they were given autonomy in the Carpatho-Ukraine, but shortly afterward the Hungarians were allowed to take this district back. Then Soviet Russia was allowed to occupy Ukrainian-inhabited Eastern Galicia. But the Germans say that there are still 900,000 Ukrainians in their part of Poland. They have mobilized in Berlin and Vienna all those Ukrainian nationalist leaders who have been in their pay for years, such as Sewrjick and Rewai. Near the frontier of the Russian Carpathian districts, something like a small Ukrainian state has again been established. No swastika flags are to be seen in this frontier territory but everywhere the blue-yellow flags of the Ukrainian Nationalists. Ukrainian is the official state language. A Ukrainian militia has been organized which could obviously become the basis of a Ukrainian army, if the need should arise. Thus the Third Reich protects itself against its friends, the Bolsheviks.

In their portion of Poland the Russians are spreading the usual propaganda of the class struggle, but it goes hand in hand with cautious but obvious promotion of the idea of a Polish Republic within the framework of the Soviet Union. Bolshevist officials continually spread rumors that sooner

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or later Russia will help that part of Poland now occupied by the Germans to win back its liberty—liberty to become part of the U.S.S.R. (When the Red Army first marched into Galicia, its officers told the people that they came to help Poland against the Germans. Many Polish officers themselves believed this because they knew nothing of the scope of the campaign; they had simply received orders to be at a certain place at a certain time.)

Shortly after the occupation, orders were issued, with heavy penalties for disobedience, for all Polish officers to report for registration, and at the same time rumors were spread discreetly that they would be allowed to leave the country. When the officers reported, however, they were detained and transported into the interior of Russia to surprisingly well-prepared and organized camps—regular officers' camps, at that, which is by no means the usual Soviet custom. There they are cut off from the rest of the world, but it is said that they are not being treated badly and are being kept busy with further military education and training, while at the same time they are receiving the same thorough, planned political education as do officers of the Red Army.

The plan is to build up a cadre of Polish officers which may sometime in the future head a Polish Red Army. At first, however, this will be called the Polish People's Army. Russia wishes to influence not only the Communists in German-occupied Poland but all elements of the population, so in this transitional stage she speaks of the Polish People's Republic.

Immediately after the annexation, Russia ordered elections not only to the local soviets but even of deputies to the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. The territory was divided into two administrative parts. Eastern Galicia and Volhynia become part of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic and the rest was added to the White Russian Republic. However, the old frontier remains, and one must get a special permit to travel into the new territory.

All Polish officials have been removed; unlike the German policy, not even one Polish policeman remains under Russian rule. Their places have been taken by Ukrainians, White Russians and Jews from the lower classes. Officially, there is no persecution of Poles as such, and a certain amount of money from Moscow is even being spent on the University of Lvov and for the maintenance of the Polish intelligentisa. Persecutions are on a more or less individual basis. The Soviet secret police, the OGPU, do not make mass house raids as do the Gestapo in German Poland. But from time to time one or another member of the Polish intelligentsia, of the Jewish Zionists or even of the Ukrainian nationalists disappears without a trace.

PERSECUTION is largely for class reasons. The large landed properties have been expropriated and partly distributed among the peasants. Ukrainian and White Russian peasants are being treated with considerable discretion. For centuries it has been their desire to get the land away from the big landowners, so the Soviet Government, to gain their help in establishing a following in the villages, has not started any collectivization.

Also, persecution has been mainly urban and, as the Poles and the Jewish intelligentsia formed the upper layer

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of society in the East Galician and White Russian towns and cities, it is they who have suffered most. All bank accounts have been confiscated. Of course, all houses have been confiscated and, when the owner lived in his own house, his apartment has been taken over, along with personal belongings and clothing. Most of these apartments have been handed over to Russian officials. As the Soviet system is distinguished by its enormous bureaucracy, this has meant a far-reaching "Sovietization" of the Eastern Galicia towns and cities. Suddenly, Lvov and the rest have taken on Russian characteristics. The dearth of apartments is as great as in Moscow; large families live in one room. Thus, the transfer and adaptation of the principal achievements of the Soviet system to occupied Poland have succeeded admirably.

The natural result is indescribable want among the former propertied classes and the intelligentsia, aggravated by other achievements of the Soviet régime, such as the scarcity and high prices of all kinds of goods, which have now been extended to Polish territory. But Russian officials are softer than their German colleagues. There is no forced labor. The hungry and suffering are offered work. If they accept it they must engage themselves to go anywhere that it may be offered, and they are usually ordered to some far-distant part of the immense Russian Empire.

AFTER the German occupation, the Reich immediately incorporated large portions of Polish territory directly into Germany. (It is worth noting that this, and Russia's similar action, absolutely contravenes the rules of the Hague Convention, which do not allow annexation of territory during a war.) In these districts, everything is being done to exterminate the Polish nationality. Large Polish landholdings and, in general, all other property have been expropriated or placed under German control. Poles are not allowed to travel, even within this territory, without special permission. Every word and action of the German authorities is directed to showing the Poles that they are an "inferior race." They have not even the consolation that others are being treated worse than they, for the Jewish population has been entirely driven out.

The policy in that part which has not been officially annexed is not quite the same. The intention seems to be to construct a Polish state which will be a German protectorate. Polish property rights have not been disregarded to the same extent that they have in the Corridor, in Posen and in Upper Silesia. Railroads, the post-office and, in general, the lower public offices have remained in Polish hands. German officials have received orders to treat the Poles politely—in public, at least. But education is withheld from them, and the old Jagello University has become a German institute.

The Germans have not had much luck in establishing a Polish authority which will recognize the German protectorate. The former president of Cracow has been removed and a German named Zarner, an ex-mayor of Dresden, has been put in his place. A Polish "adviser," a colorless person by the name of Klumjetski, has been appointed to assist him. But the man who seems to have the greatest in-

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fluence is a certain Rymer, leader of the Polish National Democratic party in Cracow. The party calls itself National Polish, maintains that it is democratic and insists, furthermore, that it is Christian-Catholic. Rymer—the National Pole, democrat and Christian—immediately submitted a proposal by which the Jews of Cracow, about 60,000 of them, should be locked up in a specially reserved ghetto. His intention obviously was to recommend himself to the Germans so that he would become a member of the future Polish puppet government under German control. However, the vote of the Advisory Council proved that there are Poles with civil courage. In spite of Rymer and of German pressure, the plan was rejected by a margin of four votes.

The Jewish community of Cracow is also controlled by an administration appointed by the Nazis, though consisting mainly of Jews. It is headed by a harmless nonentity, Professor Biberstein. The real power in the community, however, is a confidence man of the Gestapo, an engineer named Viller. Also, as the Germans do not rely too much on their Jewish confidant, one member of the administration is a German Nazi, Seibert, who officially represents the Gestapo. From the purely juridical point of view, this administration of the Jewish community, like those everywhere else in Poland, has a fairly large amount of power. It is authorized to assess taxes, and collect them forcibly, on not only Jews but on those Christians whose parents or grandparents were Jews. Then when the Jewish community itself has extorted money from its religious or racial constituents, the Gestapo expropriates the major part.

The Jewish community is also entrusted with the task of supplying Jewish daily labor squads, which are forced to do heavy manual labor, like road-building, without pay. Immediately after the occupation the Jews were ordered to fill, within two days, all the trenches within and around Cracow, and it was officially announced that any that remained open at the end of that time would be filled with Jewish corpses. As one of the days was an important Jewish holiday, representatives of the High Rabbi naïvely went to the Gestapo to ask for an extension of time. They were beaten almost to death for their pains, and thrown out bodily.

NOT satisfied with forced labor and expropriation by roundabout assessments, the Gestapo have also used another system to secure Jewish property. In Cracow and other cities, one district after another has been closed up for three days at a time, no Jews being allowed to enter or leave. Apartments are searched and everything of value that can be carried away is taken. Other property is broken or destroyed. During this process, in the eight districts of Cracow alone, 170 Jews were killed.

There is also legislation forbidding Jews to use the railroads or street cars or any other public means of conveyance. They are compelled to wear special badges on their sleeves. No family is allowed to possess more than 2,000 zloty. (In normal times a zloty was worth about 10 cents; now, in negotiations on the forbidden "black bourse" of Cracow, it takes 250 zloty to buy a dollar.)

Officially, the Poles in that part of the country which has not been an-

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nexed are supposed to be treated politely. (Also officially, these poor, oppressed people are being stirred up against the still more unfortunate Jews and are being incited to pogroms.)

But, at the same time, punitive expeditions are operating continuously in the dark of night. Anyone who belonged to the intelligentsia, anyone who could give the Poles spiritual guidance or is of intellectual importance, is being arrested and deported. There is also recruiting for forced labor of men and boys down to the age of fourteen to be sent to Germany. Polish girls are being kidnapped and placed forcibly in the brothels of the Germany army.

The incitement of the gentile Poles against the Jews has a special significance, for repeatedly in the historic past anti-Semitic policies have brought the downfall of Poland. The famous Uman massacre in the seventeenth century is symbolical of this. During the Cossack revolt in the Ukraine at that time, the Cossacks, after having massacred Poles and Jews indiscriminately, besieged the citadel of Uman near Kiev. When they found that it could not be stormed, they began to negotiate, proposing: "Deliver to us the enemies of Christ and then we will do nothing to you. We have no quarrel with you." The Poles delivered the Jews, who were killed to the last man. But the remaining Poles were too few and weak to defend the citadel. A few days later the town was taken by storm, and all the Poles, too, were slaughtered.

THERE is nothing mystical about the concurrence of anti-Semitism and ruin in Poland. It is the inevitable result of the economic and social conditions of the country. The Jews form the largest section of the middle class and in many districts, such as Eastern Galicia, it is they who form the educated classes, who have accepted the Polish language and given the region its Polish characteristics. They constitute a large percentage of the population of the cities, in some places even a majority. Without them no Polish city can exist as an economic unit. With their downfall, all Polish institutions are affected.

Something Else to Hang Him For

In order to help the British Red Cross, two volumes that once belonged to Göring have been held up for auction at Christie's. One of the books was the so-called *Protocols of the Elders of Zion.*

In Göring's enthusiasm at the "revelations" in the book, he scribbled blue-pencil notes, such as *"sehr wichtig"* ("most important") and *"hört"* ("hear, hear"), in the margin. The second book was a history of bolshevism from the time of Moses to Lenin and contains a dialogue between Hitler and Dietrich Eckart. In this, Hitler denies that Christ was a Jew. Against this statement, Göring wrote *"Wichtig, Jesus niemals Jude"* ("Important—Jesus never a Jew").

—*Forum*, Johannesburg, South Africa

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Military defences and a sound economy are its protection

Fukien Resists the Japanese

By HENRY H. P. CHIU

From *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

DESPITE the ever-present danger of a major Japanese invasion, Fukien Province has become a vital cog in China's resistance program. Testifying to its potential power of resistance, Fukien is the only province on the China coast where the Japanese military machine has been effectively blocked through three years of hostilities. With the exception of the occupation of a few islands off the coast, notably Quemoy and Amoy, the Japanese have completely failed in their attempt to gain a foothold on the mainland of the Province.

Before the war, Fukien had been regarded by the Japanese as their sphere of influence. Today it is not only entirely free from any baneful Japanese influence but is permeated with an intense patriotism, stronger and healthier than it has been in a generation. The three years of hostilities have actually strengthened it militarily, administratively and economically, so that it is generally regarded as one of the most progressive provinces in "Free China." Among the people optimism prevails, coupled with an inflexible determination to resist any Japanese aggression.

Since the start of the war, the Japanese have tried various methods to gain control of the Province. When intrigue failed to produce results, they resorted to force of arms. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, the Japanese navy instituted a stringent blockade of the coastline and later carried out sporadic attacks on various coastal cities. When these measures proved ineffective, they supplemented them with a systematic campaign of terrorization by air bombing. Many interior cities were destroyed, with heavy civilian casualties. This produced a completely opposite effect from that desired; it stiffened the morale of the people instead of weakening it and stimulated rather than choked the economic activities of the province.

Many factors are involved in Japan's failure to make any military

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progress in Fukien. First of all are the morale of the people and a high degree of military preparedness. Improved administration and general economic stability have generated a new unity which has given the people hope, strength and confidence. Another factor is the large number of trained soldiers available. Fukien has a population conservatively estimated at 30,000,000, of whom a considerable number have undergone training and who possess arms. Thanks to enforcement of conscription, Fukien has been able not only to maintain its own defence but to send many trained divisions to various war fronts in other parts of the country.

Topography, of course, has also been of prime importance. The presence of numerous shoals along most of the coastline has made major Japanese naval operations virtually impossible. The Japanese would have to be prepared for heavy sacrifices if they attempted a landing at any point on the coast. Even if it could be effected, it could hardly be sustained because of the terrain. Long ranges of mountains crowding the sea, likewise form a strong defence. Some of them are of such altitude that Japanese motorized columns would be useless. Further, there are many intricate valleys and passes which, while easily defensible, offer the enemy insurmountable obstacles. In addition to its natural advantages, Fukien is one of the best fortified provinces in China.

There are other factors which have tended to strengthen the position of Fukien. One of the most significant is undoubtedly the steady economic development which has been fostered by the provincial authorities. Credit for this is attributable to many branches of the provincial Government, notably the reconstruction and finance departments and the various government-operated industrial and trade organizations. Working in close co-operation with these organizations, the Fukien Provincial Bank has also taken an active part in the task of building up a new and sound economic base for the prosecution of the war.

ESTABLISHED at a time when the fortunes of the Province were at lowest ebb following the liquidation of the Fukien independence movement of 1933-34, the Bank came into existence with the dual purpose of reviving economic activity and developing natural resources. It has gradually expanded until a virtual currency net now covers the entire Province, with branches of the Bank in operation in nearly all its important cities.

In view of the importance of adapting the economic program of the Province to wartime needs, the Bank since the start of the war has devoted itself mainly to such activities as conservation of wartime finance and resources, promotion of local industrial enterprises, assisting in the development of rural economy and communications and the expansion of social enterprises generally.

Working with the industrial co-operatives, of which there are now more than 5,000 in Fukien, the Bank in 1939 granted loans to farmers to an amount of nearly $2,000,000 to enable them to secure seeds, fertilizers and farm implements. More than $400,000 was loaned to the governments of the five large rice-producing districts to assist them in land reclamation, and various sums were advanced to other districts for the pur-

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pose of readjusting rural finance to enlarge production. Particular attention has been paid to expanding the area of arable land and making extensive and intensive cultivation possible. Farmers and merchants have been granted considerable loans on farm products stored in Bank and co-operative granaries.

Fukien has long been famed for the red tea which occupies the premier place in its export trade, particularly important at present because it helps to secure foreign exchange to strengthen the basis of the national currency. The Bank, working in co-operation with the Provincial Tea Control Bureau, has financed tea growers and dealers and the buying of crops by the Foreign Trade Commission. A sum of $300,000 was advanced to the Fukien Trading Company to enable it to co-operate with the China Tea Company in establishing a model tea manufactory.

The Province, with the aid of the Bank, has made appreciable progress in economic reconstruction in the past two years. Roads have been built and trucks bought. New model villages have been put up in the interior to accommodate refugees from the coastal cities. Fukien has no large-scale modern industries but, besides its tea, it has long been noted for its paper, porcelain and handicrafts. In view of the present heavy demand for paper and the difficulty of obtaining supplies from abroad, this industry is being actively developed. Porcelain making is still on a small scale, but a Porcelain Co-operative Society has been organized to assist in its promotion. Cotton spinning and weaving, formerly a thriving handicraft industry, has suffered greatly in the past decades from the competition of imported machine-made goods. The decrease of such imports since the war has revived it. Large stocks of cotton have been purchased from Shanghai, and it is hoped that the Province will be self-sufficient in clothing itself, for some time.

The Fukien Provincial Bank has expanded its loans to factory operators and merchants generally, accepting freely mortgages of commodities or other valid negotiable instruments. Meanwhile, assistance to small businessmen is by no means neglected. A credit-loan system to meet their needs has proved popular and helpful.

PRIOR to the outbreak of the current war, one of Fukien's principal sources of revenue was remittances from overseas Chinese merchants scattered throughout the South Sea Islands, which amounted annually to tens of millions. These vast sums not only helped to maintain the people of the Province but also served to check the annual unfavorable foreign-trade balance. These remittances are particularly valuable in time of war, because they help to increase the foreign-exchange fund of the country.

Amoy was the center of overseas remittances before the war and after its fall they were almost entirely suspended. This not only affected provincial finances but created serious difficulties for the relatives of the overseas Chinese. The Bank has now opened a special office in Hongkong to attend to this business, and during the first ten months of 1939 remittances sent through it amounted to $4,850,000. Plans have now been completed to open agencies abroad to facilitate these remittances.

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That policy in Sweden has reduced her to an economic vassal state

The Pathos of Isolationism

Adapted from *Neue Tage-Buch*, German Emigré Organ in Paris (Suspended in May at Approach of German Armies)

THE plight of Sweden today discloses one unique result of the war thus far, one not true of other wars. For the first time in history an ostensibly neutral, independent nation has become the economic arsenal of a single belligerent. Under such circumstances, the Allies can no longer abide by an international law now become fictitious. They are forced to face reality.

They cannot continue to regard Swedish exports and imports as the harmless concern of a neutral nation, since today this trade is totally dependent upon Germany's whims. Sweden, in other words, must be subjected to the Allied blockade, and similarly the Allies must direct their attacks to those Swedish ports, mines, railroads, warehouses and factories with which the country functions in her vassal status of a raw-material arsenal of the Reich.

For the Allies, there is no alternative.

With astonishment we German exiles read that the Swedes are bitter against the Allies, and that their press speaks of their "betrayal" by the Norwegians. Perhaps this hour of the Norwegians' sorrow over the disaster that has befallen them is an inopportune time to review the reasons underlying an Allied defeat that was not only military but moral. It may also be poor taste to suggest that the Norwegians themselves could have averted their defeat, particularly after the admission by Foreign Minister Halvdan Koht that "we are paying the price now of a neutrality that was too consistent."

Perhaps one should leave it at that. But it is difficult to suppress certain opinions held by the world and to which expression is given even in Sweden. "Betrayal" is contrary to the principles of morality. But by whom was this "betrayal" committed if not by Sweden, who should have made every effort to encourage a Scandinavian struggle against a common enemy? Moreover, only the

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blind would deny that the calamity that befell Norway occurred primarily because of the accursed Swedish ore. One need not be a military strategist to recognize that the cause of Norway might easily have triumphed had the armed forces of all of Scandinavia mobilized on the first day of invasion and marched against the Germans in control at Oslo.

Such is, by and large, the belief today of all of Scandinavia. The defeat of Norway, and many of her military misfortunes, must be attributed exclusively to Sweden. This widely held belief should not be kept from the good people of which the Swedish nation is comprised.

But the Swedish press is not content with looking at the mote in the other fellow's eye. It draws a moral from its own behavior. A liberal newspaper of Stockholm, together with its contemporaries, observes that "by now the small neutrals must recognize that they can rely on nothing but their own power." What is the meaning of that emphasis on *now*? How have any ideas changed? Was it not for many years the policy of the "small neutrals" not to co-operate with anyone else, to rely exclusively upon their own power—or, rather, upon their own weaknesses? What has happened "now" would seem to prove, more strongly than ever before, that the opposite conclusion was valid, and that this very selfishness rendered a nation ripe for destruction.

Sweden has "now" what it demanded with a stubbornness born of delusion. It persisted in its isolationist resolve. And now the hour has arrived when it has no choice except a terrible isolation. In every sense of the word, the nation is completely alone, left to its own devices. Until recently it possessed at least one outlet to the world by way of Narvik, but today even that trade link with other peoples has been lost to the enemy. All the Swedish railroads have their termini either in Norway or at Baltic ports, and all Swedish ships without exception must pass through the Kattegat and the Skagerrak. The entire country is surrounded by Nazi restrictions; it has no loophole or outlet.

NO less than Sweden, the rest of the world has good reason to examine her plight, and read the lessons thereof. Other nations must be concerned over that tragedy, because of the truth that no nation is entirely independent. Each one is a factor in the balance of all economic forces in the world.

It is plain enough that henceforth Sweden cannot export or import—by water or overland—so much as a ton of any product without the consent of Germany. The Norwegian ports, hitherto Sweden's only outlet to world trade, are now closed to the Stockholm Government. For all practical purposes, the Kattegat and Skagerrak are now German, and the blockade there is as complete as the British control of the eastern Atlantic. This means that (1) no British or French ship is able to bring goods to Sweden, that (2) no Swedish cargoes can be sent to either France or Britain, that (3) all British exports sent to Sweden in non-British ships will be confiscated by the Reich, and that (4) all Swedish goods consigned to Britain or France will also be seized by Germany. [The foregoing was written

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before the capitulation of France.

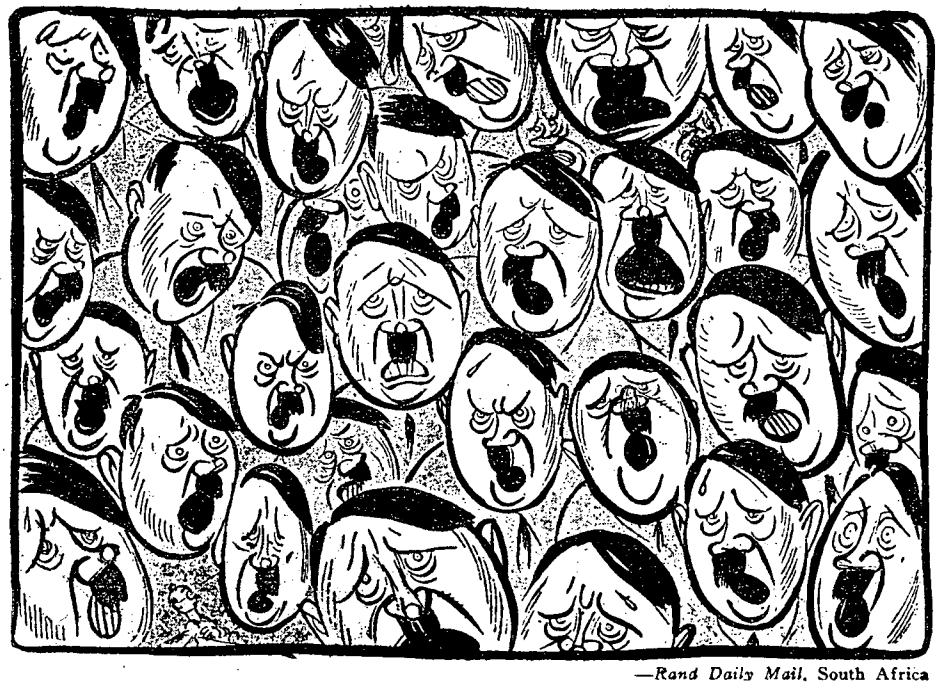
These are not the only adverse consequences of Sweden's cherished isolation, but they are sufficient in themselves to paralyze almost all of that country's export and import trade. Sweden must seek a solution in whatever crumbs are allowed her by Germany on whom Stockholm must depend to accept all her exports, just as now the nation is dependent on the Reich for all its imports—so long as Germany can and is willing to provide them.

Why need anyone doubt that this complete control by Germany of Sweden's trade will be employed in any other way than for the exclusive benefit of the Reich? Indeed, there are but two alternatives facing Sweden: she may starve and perish, or she must become a slavish source of raw materials for the Reich.

At this time it cannot be predicted which alternative the Swedes will choose. It is conceivable, of course, that henceforth Stockholm will not have two alternatives, and that Germany may not permit her to perish economically. The country has an exposed coastline of 4,740 miles, and Germany may employ military and naval means to force the nation to serve her as an economic slave state.

That is the fearful sequel to Sweden's prized isolationism.

(Editor's Note: The article above was, of course, written before Germany, early in July, made Sweden "an economic slave state," forcing her into the "Germanic Union" with conquered Norway and Denmark without even needing to "employ military and naval means.")



—*Rand Daily Mail*, South Africa

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Parachute Technique

By CESCO TOMASELLI

Translated from *Corriere della Sera*, Milan Daily

AS THE sky started to clear on the morning of May 10, Dutch officers at the Rotterdam air field, tired from the long night watch, began to hope that nothing would happen that day. But while the morning fog still covered the ground, a squadron of German airplanes—only a few machines accompanied by a pursuit plane—reached a spot selected long beforehand, about two miles from the field. Here the transport machines descended very low, to about 150 to 300 feet from the ground, and began to drop their men. The parachutes used open automatically at the moment of jumping out and require only ten seconds to reach the ground. It took hardly ten minutes to form a troop of about a hundred heavily armed men, their heads encased in steel helmets much like those of the knights of the Crusades. Quickly organizing in formation, they marched toward their planned positions and soon were at the entrance of the air field.

Each group of this attacking force had its special task assigned to it. One overpowered and destroyed the guard of the air field. Another cut the telephone connections, while the strongest group seized the anti-aircraft-gun battery. A few moments later the airplanes which led the transports opened a terrific fire with bombs and machine guns on all the buildings of the field, to increase the panic. The field was then occupied. The officer who directed the whole action from the commanding airplane then reported its success by radio-telephone to a squadron of additional transport aircraft, so that it might bring more landing forces. Every action was planned to succeed another immediately.

The transport planes then landed on the conquered air field as easily as though they were somewhere in Germany. But not a moment could be lost. Within half an hour another 800 men had been landed. Each one of them had a predetermined task. With lightning speed they dispersed in all directions. They occupied the streets and houses surrounding the air field and organized strongly defended positions with their own machine guns and with the captured anti-aircraft guns. One hour after the landing of the first parachutists, the Rotterdam air field was occupied, cut off from the rest of the country and organized for defence. For three days and nights this small German force of occupation at the air field had not one moment of rest, but finally on the fourth morning the German infantry troops arrived.

[Our Italian reporter adds that the

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Germans used the same tactics in five other cases. The air field at Rotterdam was, however, the most distant from German bases. But the seizure of Fort Eben Emaal, a part of the outside fortification of Liège, was the most dangerous feat. Here, also, the occupation was achieved by parachute soldiers who were landed from apparently slow-flying airplanes which, however, at the decisive moment were made almost invisible by smoke-screens. According to our reports, the method of parachute attack used in Holland was a new one. The tactics of parachute jumping were not yet thoroughly tested and worked out during the campaign in Poland. In the course of the winter, General Ernst Udet developed it with the help of aircraft officer Koch and First Lieutenant Witzig of the Pioneer Troops, both of whom were decorated by Hitler himself with the Iron Cross after the conquest of Eben Emaal. The experimentation and the training of the men in this tactic of invasion were done in Poland in the neighborhood of Lublin, where several villages had to be completely evacuated to provide for the deepest secrecy. The work was concluded in March with maneuvers which lasted for three days.

A test of its efficiency in actual warfare was made during the occupation of the air field at Oslo and in the landing of material and ammunition at Narvik. [This was one of the German secrets of the then forthcoming campaign in the West.]

Subtlety, Nazi Style

. . . Even today cotton is cheaper than the synthetic product. Furthermore, Germany has no intention of surrounding herself with a wall of self-sufficiency and withdrawing from the field of international commerce. Cotton, therefore, will maintain its importance as an item of international exchange for German commodities. Since the production of cotton is increasing rapidly in many countries, Germany will, however, not be dependent to as large an extent as formerly on the import of cotton from the United States.

The amount of cotton consumed by Germany will wholly depend on the post-war commercial policy of the United States. As pointed out in the foregoing paragraphs, Germany may easily become America's best post-war customer. Let us hope that it will be possible after the termination of the war to eliminate the frictions of the past and to come to an understanding regarding the trade policies of the United States and Germany, which would be to the mutual benefit of both nations.

—*Facts in Review,* published by the German Library of Information, New York City

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Britain hopes that country will serve as a buffer against Soviet Russia

Military Importance of Afghanistan

By ANNEMARIE CLARK SCHWARZENBACH

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal German-Language Daily

TEN YEARS ago the Simon Commission wrote in reference to India: "The Northwest Frontier is not only the frontier of India; it is, from the military point of view, an international frontier of the greatest importance for the British Empire." Over night this frontier has come into the limelight again. The differences between England and Russia are still latent, but since Russia's annexation of Eastern Poland and the attack on Finland, it is obvious that the Soviet Union is following in the footsteps of imperialistic Tsarist foreign policy. The political front is outlined in Asia even more sharply than in Europe. In the East, Russia and England are again the classic rivals as they were in the nineteenth century.

The Northwestern Frontier of India and the Khyber Pass are familiar names. Everyone remembers the English punitive expeditions against Waziristan in the last few years. Almost everyone has seen the film, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. But what is on the other side of the Khyber Pass? Who are the inhabitants of Waziristan? Why is England compelled to keep half of her Indian army stationed on the Northwest Frontier of India, and at what cost? British India's neighbor on the Northwest Frontier is the kingdom of Afghanistan, so why the reference to it as a frontier of the greatest international importance?

The frontier runs from the Gumal Pass in the south, at the corner of Baluchistan, up to Chitral and Pamir in the north. And the Pamir meets Afghanistan, British India, Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang, and the U.S.S.R. But there are no roads of military usefulness, not even caravan trails. Seven hundred years ago, bold outpost detachments of the horsemen of Genghis Khan with great difficulty found a road to the Pamir Valley and reached as far as the present Afghan provinces of Badakhan and Turkestan. The road of the Russians, if they

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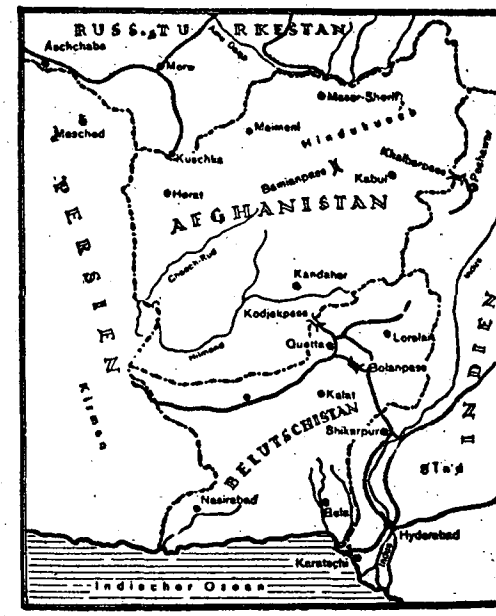
wish to attack England in India, leads through Afghanistan over Herat and Kandahar-Kabul or, more directly, over the Hindukush Passes to the Khyber. Afghanistan has always been the country of transit for conquerers of India, for the satraps of Darius and for Alexander and especially for the hungry nomad tribes of the north, from the steppes of Turkestan and Inner Asia. Today it is a buffer state which owes its neutrality partly to the British-Russian rivalry. Under British pressure, in 1873 Russia defined its Turkestan frontier at Afghanistan and promised not to cross the Amu Daria. A mixed Anglo-Russian Pamir Commission established the Afghan-Chinese frontier in 1893-95. After England had tried in two bloody Afghan wars (1839-42 and 1879-80) to make Kabul a British protectorate, she and Russia declared in a convention, signed in 1907, that both were disinterested in Afghanistan and wished to be the guarantors of its independence.

The Northwest Frontier was defined in 1894. It is the famous Durand Line which, however, was recently criticized by the English themselves. It is strategically untenable and passes right through the center of the "living space" of the bellicose Afghan and other Pathan tribes which must be governed partly from Delhi and partly from Kabul but show little loyalty to either of the two governments. The solidarity of the tribes and their mutual Islamic bond is stronger. The Waziri (or Mohman) and Afridi (or Ghilzai) on both sides of the Durand Line hang together, and a revolt of the tribes on the Afghan side would spread over India. During the whole World War, England was apprehensive of the possibility that the fanatically religious but also fanatically liberty-loving and bellicose tribesmen, would let themselves be incited by German and Turkish propagandists to proclaim a holy war against India. When it happened—in 1919—at the assumption of power of the young Amanullah, the whole Indian northwest frontier province was also aflame.

Sir William Barton wrote in his book, *India's Northwest Frontier*, published in 1939 before the outbreak of the present war, that on the conclusion of peace after the quick termination of the third Afghan war, England lost perhaps its last opportunity to change the Durand frontier. The present frontier is no solution—or a bad one—of the problem. As England is unable to subjugate the wild Pathan tribes, she has renounced her sovereignty over them and has established a zone about thirty miles in width, called "tribal territory," between the Durand Line, which is the



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theoretical frontier, and the actual administrative frontier at the foot of the mountains. This zone, with its largely nomadic population of 3,000,000, is, in reality, independent. These tribes—Pathans or Afghans—undertook only to protect the Khyber Pass, which can be crossed without danger between sunrise and sunset. This tribal territory is not, however, a satisfactory solution of the frontier problem and causes difficulties not only to the government of Delhi but also to the central government at Kabul, which must make all kinds of concessions in its control of the unyielding tribes.

IT MUST be added that not only in the frontier zone but in the whole Indian northwest frontier province, a majority of the population is of Afghan origin. The Afghan dynasty of the Durrani lost this district, as well as Kashmir and parts of the Punjab, to the warlike Sykhs. Sir Barton designates this territory as virtually a *terra irredenta* of Afghanistan. But will this excellent connoisseur of Indian problems recommend today, since the outbreak of the war, that the English should help Afghanistan reconquer the Indus valleys or transfer to it the worry and responsibility for the tribes of the frontier province? The Khyber Pass is an eternal entrance door for the invasion of India, and the mountains in the northwest are India's natural frontier. Should England cede them to another, even a friendly power?

The division of responsibility for the tribes, between Kabul and Delhi is perhaps not convenient. Kabul might succeed better with the tribes if they did not have the outlet to the independent territory and could not migrate every Fall from their summer pasture grounds in the Hindukush valleys of Afghanistan, over the Indian frontier into their winter quarters and thus regularly get beyond the control of their own Government.

But the security of India is endangered not alone by the easily inflamed fanaticism of the tribes. Today, Russia appears in the foreground as a possible threat. This is the subject of daily conversation in Kabul. Afghanistan could not defend against a Russian invasion its completely open province of Turkestan, situated to the north of Hindukush. On the Hindukush road leading to Kabul, a few small fortifications have been begun, for which the Skoda Works have supplied the cannons. But how strong is the young Afghan army? There can be no doubt that against a Russian invasion, Afghanistan will have to depend on the backing and support of British India. In its turn, naturally, England is interested in a strong Afghan state. The most intimate cooperation is an obvious necessity.

It is just as necessary for both governments to establish a loyal relationship with the tribal warriors. In the first World War, Emir Habibullah remained strictly neutral because otherwise he would have risked being crushed between the two Allies, England and Russia. Today, Afghanistan is threatened by one of these neighbors and so its neutrality is equivalent to solidarity with England. Provocateurs of German or Soviet origin will not find it easy to gain a foothold on the Afghan side of the Khyber Pass.

[*Editor's Note: The following is from an unsigned article which ap-*

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peared, also in the National-Zeitung, *a few days after the one published above.*]

SHORT notices have been appearing for some time concerning military preparations in Afghanistan, but these have been confirmed only quite recently. This confirmation—coming from Rome—has undoubtedly been influenced by German sources. It refers to military preparations in the Afghanistan province of Kafiristan, a district where this could only mean that Afghanistan is preparing to resist an English invasion from over the Khyber Pass.

Kafiristan is situated in the extreme east of Afghanistan, and its own frontier to the east, bordering the British Himalaya district is, militarily speaking, inaccessible. Consequently, Kafiristan itself is not the problem, and any military preparation in general must be directed against Russia.

The immense country of Afghanistan has an area of 282,000 square miles, with a population of at most 12,000,000, of whom one-fourth are nomads. The country has no railroad and only two large roads (Peshawar-Kabul-Mazar-Sherif and Kabul-Kandahar). A Russian attack against India would meet with the greatest difficulties in crossing Afghanistan. The deployment of troops, which would have to take place to the south of Samarkand on the northern bank of the Amu Daria, could possibly bring forth a flanking body in the district of Merw, on the border of the Turkmenian steppes. The advance could probably get across Amu Daria and occupy those parts of Northern Afghanistan where the ground slants downward to the river. But with this the advance would come to an end.

Across the "Alps" of the western Hindukush mountain system, no Russian army could pass. Thus, should any Bolshevik "Alexander" try to penetrate to India, only two ways would be open to him. He would have to pass from Turkmenistan over Meshed and through Eastern Persia to the southern provinces of Afghanistan and Baluchistan and from there to the east; or he would have to pass in an eastern direction around Hindukush and break into the Himalaya districts of India, from the Pamir, which is out of the question.

The Afghan army is being built up. It has on paper seven infantry divisions, two cavalry brigades and 250 cannons, with a peace force of 50,000 men and, at most, on general mobilization, a further 50,000 to 80,000 of trained reserves. But this small army of regular troops represents only the nucleus of a great mass of irregular warriors. The Afghan is fond of fight-

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ing, brave and could wage a very successful guerrilla war in the mountain ranges.

After the uprising caused by King Amanullah's attempts at westernization—which were premature and beyond the general cultural level of the country, and finally cost Amanullah his throne—there was a short dictatorship by the proletarian Bacha Sagao, the "water boy" as this upstart was usually called. Very soon he and his ephemeral rule were removed by Amanullah's best general, his cousin Nadir who, in turn, was shot by a half-crazy student in 1933. Today the country is ruled by the son of Nadir Shah, born in 1914. This means in practice that his three uncles rule harmoniously over the country, in full political amity and agreement with England. Of these, Hafhim Khan is the all-powerful Prime Minister and Mahmud Shah controls the army.

Russian influence, formerly fairly strong, is as good as eliminated. The attempts of German emissaries to promote anti-English sentiment did not succeed. The Afghans share the friendly feeling of the Indian Mohammedans toward England.

In addition, Afghanistan is allied by special treaties with Iran and with Turkey. The Afghan-Iran treaty of amity and mutual security was concluded on November 28, 1927. It is based on one signed back in June 1921 but extends it considerably. By it the two countries promise each other absolute neutrality in case of attack by a third power and to try to prevent the passage of foreign troops through their countries. Thus, should Russia try to pass around the northern frontier of Afghanistan by marching through Iran, Iran is under obligation to oppose this passage with military power.

Still stricter are the contractual engagements between Turkey and Afghanistan. The first article of the treaty of "peace and security" concluded on May 25, 1928, expressly calls it "eternal." It says, "True friendship and eternal peace shall last between the Turkish Republic and the Kingdom of Afghanistan." The other articles, concluded for a period of ten years and renewed automatically unless notice is given, contain also provision for mutual consultation in case one or several powers should commit a hostile act against either of the contractual parties.

Article VI provides that Turkey will supply Afghanistan with juridical, scientific and military specialists to assist it in its progress and development. There is, consequently, a Turkish military mission in Afghanistan.

Turkish assistance to Afghanistan in a war which might break out with Russia, could only come through Iran, as Turkey has no common frontier with Afghanistan. England, with the greater part of her Indian troops in the northwest, could easily grant assistance by way of the Khyber Pass, but in view of Afghanistan's great national sensibility, she could only do so by request.

(The foregoing articles were written before Soviet Russia turned her attention from east to Southwest, and marched into Rumania to occupy Bessarabia.)

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, *August 1915*

THE London *Nation* reported in August 1915 that the British "Yellow Press" was violently criticizing the Government for not enforcing the blockade against American cotton. It quoted one paper as saying, "Every pound of cotton imported into Germany means the death of a British soldier." The *Nation* itself considered that the importance of cotton as a war material was being greatly exaggerated and that in any case the situation was a very delicate one in which "the Government alone have the facts." . . . Cecil Chesterton in the *New Witness* discussed *Cotton and American Politics*. He felt that any attempt to interfere with American cotton shipments "would be at once indefensible and suicidal," but that "by encouraging the South to sell its cotton at a high price to Germany, our rulers are creating there a powerful vested interest concerned above all things to prevent a rupture with Germany"; more specifically, that the economic interest of the Southern Democrats might lead them to nominate the pacifist William Jennings Bryan for President in 1916. His suggested solution was that England buy up the entire American cotton crop. . . . Meanwhile, the German navy was being less tender of neutral feelings. Archibald Hurd in the *Fortnightly Review* was even more shocked by the German attitude toward "outrages" than by the acts themselves: "The new type of warfare is pursued by a power which boasts of its *Kultur*, has brought to its assistance every refinement of mechanics and chemistry, and—crowning evidence of moral degradation—claims in the eyes of the world that its very acts of 'frightfulness' are fruits of virtue—signs of courage, virility and fitness to win and proof, above all, of its right to rule the rest of the world."

Things were going badly for the Allies in 1915, and a foreign correspondent of the *Outlook* (London) reported that "the German newspapers are full of jubilation, as if Germany had already won the war. They speak of a peace which will leave Germany in the possession of Belgium, of large parts of France and of Poland." The territories which the Germans had occupied had "immense mineral and manufacturing resources" and "20,000,000 inhabitants who are forced to work for Germany," but there was hope from America and "a concentrated effort, patience, endurance and faith in the ultimate issue will bring victory to the Allies." . . . The *Spectator* discussed one British success, the unconditional surrender of German Southwest Africa, but noted, "The war will be won or lost at the center, not at the fringes of the struggle. If after all Germany were to win, the plight of the Union of South Africa would be frightful to contemplate." . . . Credits recently voted by

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the House revealed that England was spending for the war at the rate of £1,000,000,000 a year or 50 per cent of the country's total consumption in peace time, according to the *New Statesman*.

Claire de Pratz in the *Contemporary Review* described *Paris in War Time* as having forsaken the "eccentric styles" and "tango teas" of prewar days. "Thus France now is stern, grave and serene and ready to confront all difficulties, all tragedies even, provided that in the end she shall be victorious." . . . C. F. G. Masterman in the *Contemporary Review* quoted American press comments to the effect that the British unity of the early months of the war "had disappeared, and on all sides there were carping criticism and confusing controversy and recrimination." He wrote that "Germany finds cause for comfort in this fulfillment of a prophecy which before the war was so generally accepted, of the collapse and decay of a nation which had refused to Prussianize itself by militarism and the docile obedience of the citizen to the military state." But he felt that the true British temper "is the temper of a nation called suddenly into battle and sacrifice against a state fashioned for and delighting in the bloody work of war. It is a temper which will endure to the end, however great that sacrifice, however bitterly that end may be delayed. But it is the temper of a people loving peace; fighting for and longing for peace: for 'a peace which will come soon and come to stay and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time.' "

The recent death in exile of Porfirio Diaz, dictator of Mexico for most of thirty-five years, brought comments on his career from the *New Statesman*. On his eightieth birthday in 1910 he had received congratulations from "all the rulers of the earth." "Was he not the very pattern of the soldier-statesman, with no constitutional nonsense about him — a benevolent despot who had made a nation out of half-breeds and chaos, an autocrat after the business man's own heart?" But eight months later he was a deposed fugitive and, "We can all see now where and why he failed. His Government was simply a government of 'the interests,' a plutocracy of landowners, contractors, foreign capitalists, concessionaires and political jobbers, presided over and fenced with security by a martinet."

James Davenport Whelpley wrote in the *Fortnightly Review* on *East and West: a New Line of Cleavage*: "In years past the solidarity of the Far East was largely in point of view, while in other matters the powerful nations of the West played the game according to their own rules. Today the solidarity of mental outlook still maintains, while in addition there is rapidly coming about a solidarity of political and material interests which in time will reduce Western participation in Far Eastern affairs to that of a comparatively unimportant factor." China still needed Western money but, "Japan would finance China if she could, for this would fit into the plan to conserve the wealth of China for Japanese profit."

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WE WHO ARE YOUNG

By MARION SIMMS

We are the young in a roar of life
Whose strength is a kind of fury,
Confused, rebellious, we wait
Beneath a towering wave too high to vault;
The fibers of our loyalties, ambitions,
Have been strained too far to return to pliancy,
An earlier glimpse ahead to maturation has
Been jarred into a foolish pattern of discord and doubt.

We do not think we asked too much—we wanted
The world to be a laboratory where we might be free
To search and hope to find, in time, our own best place.

In earth where grain and flowers should be growing,
The world's war-cemeteries are spreading,
Acre by acre, stealing land from the living
And from those who die in peace and age,
Or in the normal tragedies of life.
White wooden crosses, millions, mark the masses
Of young brain and timeless steel, the usefulness
Of both forever ended. Those crosses seem like arms
Stretched out, imploring, to a question never answered;
Those are the only "decorations" coveted by men
With bodies and faces broken, and spirits lost,
Crosses for crucification—the ancient happening
Repeated now a million times;
Rather should graves of the war's young dead be marked
With chill black arrows pointing down.

Sometimes at night on a high, clean hill,
Looking far up and seeing more than stars
And feeling more than winds from a long way off,
In such still moments when the mind races
And the heart beats steady, we try
To sort the disconcerting puzzle out.

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Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

THIS appears to be the year in which all those who are ever "too late," have come to their just deserts. The danger and disaster of being too late plagues not only governments, but also writers, philosophers and bond salesmen.

Were I to be extremely kind to John Strachey, after reading his latest effort, *A Programme for Progress*, I should say merely, "too late." But honesty compels me to add, "too little" in scope, material and analysis. Mr. Strachey, it seems to me, lacks many of those desirable qualities that should exude from the mind of an economist. As an economist, thinker and social scientist, I would rank him three notches below Benito Mussolini and one notch above the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Mr. Strachey does not appear to have been completely honest with himself. Instead of facing contemporary issues squarely he indulges in lush evasions and fleecy visions. This man has fled from the wolves of communism to the sharks of confusion. He has performed a neat trick and deserves hearty applause for his technical proficiency, but he wears badly as an amphibian. And all men of good will and good sense will be irked by Mr. Strachey's conception of man as a lusty, soulless beast, concerned only with his instincts for food and reproduction. Mr. Strachey may later deny that that is his conception of man, but he stands tarred with the brush he has created in *A Programme for Progress*.

According to Mr. Strachey's analysis, about all that any liberal government should feel constrained to do is to create enough stopgaps in the economic structure to prevent too many men from being without jobs, then sit back and hope for the advent of socialism. As though socialism were any better than, or any different from, the economic structure that Mr. Strachey (less violently than heretofore) tells us will not work. To belabor the point that everyone admits—the defectiveness of capitalism — Mr. Strachey cites the depressions of Britain and America. But he is at no time assailed by even the tiniest intimation that the world may be suffering something more than mere economic dislocation. Perhaps it is idle to hope for any comprehension of the total meaning of man from a mind that envisages *Das Kapital* as the New Koran. And I am certain that one should never expect from such a mind anything approximating an admission of the possibility of the existence of spirit, or soul, or whatever you wish to call it, in the mechanistic agglomeration of bone, sinew and flesh which is all that matters to that mind. Even the admission of the existence of mind is hedged with reservations—brain, of course; mind, perhaps.

It is natural, then, to expect Mr.

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Strachey to predicate man's well-being, his happiness, his existence, upon the smooth functioning of a series of machines called euphemistically: capital, labor, profit, interest, etc.

Mr. Strachey's thesis can be stated briefly. He holds that the world is in economic transition which will end in socialism. Meanwhile, he advocates the election of liberal governments which will keep down unemployment, enact a few mild social reforms and keep the populace drugged with the Marxist-opiate theory of economic determinism. Mr. Strachey croons his intellectual fledgelings to sleep with a pretty lullaby that goes something like this: "Go to sleep my babies and in the morning papa will have a nice slice of profit for the entrepreneurs, a lovely bit of wages for the laborers, a *soupçon* for the landlords and a wonderful black eye for the bankers."

A beautiful song, indeed, for those who live only in a world of things, for those who are lost in our modern forest of gadgets. But for the few who see the current debacle as a collapse of civilization, brought about largely by the gadgeteers, the soulless scientists, the blind half-educated old-school economists and the poor lost souls of early twentieth century liberalism, more is needed than a few loaves of bread and a circus to create a new civilization on the ashes of the old.

IN THE second chapter of this book Mr. Strachey quotes a passage from John Maynard Keynes to show the futility of capitalism and its profit motive. Mr. Keynes says that the more successful a capitalist country grows (that is, the more goods it creates and the more profit it provides) the nearer comes collapse. He likens the acquisition of things to Midas' acquisition of gold; the population can't eat things and they tend to become worse than useless.

Mr. Strachey quotes this modern parable, but fails to see its plain implications, the implication, for example, that man still cannot live by bread alone. Like many others of no vision and little faith in man, Mr. Strachey fails to perceive that only by building upon the firm foundation of man's inherent dignity, by the recognition that the soul of man must be the supreme measure of all human activity, and that all life must be organized for the greater glory of man's God-like potentiality, will all else be added unto him. That is Mr. Strachey's Scylla and Carybdis and has ever been. That is the failure of those who follow the Leninist perversion of Marx, and the death of those who would fashion a materialist society from the musings of the excellent German dreamer who once said about himself, "I will never be a Marxist."

A PROGRAMME FOR PROGRESS. *By John Strachey. New York: Random House. 261 pages, appendix and index. $3.00.*

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THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS. *By Henry C. Wolfe. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1940. 294 pages. $2.50.*

PROBABLY no recent book describes so lucidly, with such complete documentation and in such a crisp style, the sinister role which Soviet Russia—or Stalin (since the words are now interchangeable)—played in unleashing the present world catastrophe, as does *The Imperial Soviets.* It is obviously

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based not just on collected clippings of articles and news dispatches but on first-hand information received in Central and Eastern Europe from men prominent in their countries' political life, from diplomats and army leaders. In spite of the reader's own preference, this book of Wolfe's must bring him to the negative conclusion that it is difficult to decide which was more responsible for the end of European civilization, the ruthless bestiality of the totalitarian aggressors or the criminal neglect, the abysmal stupidity, the rampant treason and childish optimism of the non-totalitarian powers. What we all know vaguely, he describes in detail: how the small countries surrounding Germany, when Hitler's hand was almost at their throats, instead of uniting for mutual defence were intent only on attacking and despoiling one another. The diplomatic game of cardsharpers double-crossing each other is vividly shown in concrete cases. He describes the over-clever machinations of Poland's Joseph Beck, who tried to play Poland against Russia and Russia against Poland. Beck went along with Germany to get a share of the Czech loot, while at the same time Russia and Germany had already made their plans to partition Poland. The piece of Czechoslovakia which Hitler threw to Poland was not unlike the last meal given to a condemned man before his execution.

One cannot avoid the parallels of history in which nations and even continents have been conquered by single aggressors solely because the more civilized peoples were disunited. The Christian conquistadores were able to eliminate the rule of the Moors in Spain while the latter were quarreling among each other. A single city, Rome, conquered the whole known world by defeating one people after another and using each to destroy the next victim. Pizarro, with only 150 men, was able to overthrow the Inca Empire and entirely destroy pre-Columbian civilization, because the princes of the Andean plateau sought his help against each other. This book is a confirmation of the old saying that all we learn from history is that we never learn anything from history.

The Imperial Soviets shows Stalin as the principal provocateur of the war. This explains why, like the crook shouting "Stop! Thief!" to divert attention, the communist press calls the attacked powers the "war provocateurs." It shows how it was to the interest of Stalin's perpetuation in power to provoke such a war in Europe, which would weaken all concerned in it and leave Russia unscathed. In searching back for causes, one might almost say that the beginning of the destruction of Europe's freedom was the famous Moscow trials, when all the sincere old opponents of nazism were exterminated in preparation for Stalin's new policy, and that the war was lost for the Western Powers when Stalin did what even Hitler's army could not have achieved—executed all Russian generals and 35,000 of the most able of the officers. With the whole leadership of the Russian army destroyed, the field was free for Hitler. He had nothing to fear from an enemy in the rear, and he could concentrate on preparations against the West, while, at the same time, sending out a smokescreen of anti-Bolshevik vituperations to make the democracies believe that he was arming against Russia. On his side, Stalin—the other partner in this colossal bluff—pretended to co-operate with the Western Powers while he was conspiring with Hitler against them. While Hitler reaps in the West by force, Stalin, almost without bloodshed, gleans Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Rumania and, according to the latest report, parts of Persia in payment for his co-operation with Hitler.

Wolfe leaves open the question of which of the two expanding totalitarian imperialisms will finally defeat the other and gain eventual control of Europe.

—STEPHEN NAFT

ASIAN ODYSSEY. *By Dmitri Alioshin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1940. 322 pages with index. $3.00.*

Weird and wild adventure marks nearly every page of this almost incredible narrative, and if it were not generally realized that most Russians lead fantastic existences, *Asian Odyssey* might be put down as fiction of the most hair-raising sort. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in the story, but it rings fairly true throughout the whole telling of a detailed chapter—the final chapter—in the history of the war between the Whites and the Reds in Siberia in 1918-21.

Dmitri Alioshin, a former officer of the

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Russian Imperial Army, must indeed have led a charmed life to have been able to survive and tell the extraordinary tale of man's inexplicable inhumanity to man, and of man's power to endure. At the same time, it is an historical record as well as a human document.

When the author escaped from the Bolsheviks he served General Graves of the American Expeditionary Force. But when the General told Alioshin that he saw no hope for the White campaign against the Reds, and that "the Army of Kolchak is a myth and nothing can prevent the Bolsheviks from overrunning Siberia," the author, in a frenzy of passionate patriotism, refused to believe this and joined Kolchak, convinced that Bolshevism and Russia were incompatible. But the General's prophecy came true only too soon, and when Kolchak met his death at the hands of a Bolshevik firing squard, the real White cause died with him. The leaders who remained were monsters in human guise.

For instance, in Transbaikalia, the author found the whole country along the railroad dotted with "killing stations" created ostensibly for the extermination of Reds but which, under Governor Semenov, dealt death to all travelers. The things done to innocent people in the name of the liberation of the Russian people were simply unspeakable. But the worst of these sadistic monsters was the infamous Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, whose idiosyncrasies and unexampled cruelties have already been treated in two volumes in English.

The Baron's men fared scarcely any better than his enemies and it was the author's miserable experience to have been assigned to serve under him. The Baron, who had lived for many years in Mongolia, was a Buddhist and he and his small army ostensibly planned to go into Mongolia to free the country of his faith from the Chinese yoke on the pretext that the Chinese were playing into the hands of the Russian Reds. Secretly, however, he entertained the idea of carving an empire for himself out of Mongolia, Manchuria and Transbaikalia, after which he would lead his Central Asiatic empire against Europe, as had done Genghis Khan, whose reincarnation the Baron believed he was. The stories told of the Baron and his chief aide, Colonel Sipailov, tax the credulity of all humane men.

The battle between the Baron's army of "liberation" with the Chinese for the city of Urga is one of the best chapters in the book and reads like a scene from some remote barbarous age with its descriptions of an orgy of violence and looting, which lasted three days and nights like "a bloody nightmare." In the end the Baron's own men revolted and Ungern-Sternberg met Bolshevik justice, in the mud of a pig-sty. With a small battalion, Alioshin escaped across the Gobi. His *Asian Odyssey* is spine-tingling reading—if you can take it.

GUATEMALA: PAST AND PRESENT. *By Chester Lloyd Jones. The University of Minnesota Press. 1940. 420 pages with index. $5.00*

Neglected by history itself, an able historian has at last caught up with Guatemala. And Chester Lloyd Jones, a leading authority on Caribbean affairs, has in his work done a superb job of scholarship on one of the least known but most important of the Central American countries.

The territory of the old captaincy general of Guatemala, though it contains the richest archeological treasures in our hemisphere, much of its most spectacular scenery and native life, has, from the time of its conquest by the Spaniards, been touched only by straying eddies of the mainstream of history, which passes to the north and south of it. Guatemala was conquered by Spain in 1524, but the conquerers drifted away to Mexico and Peru almost as soon as they arrived, the glint of gold that had first attracted them proving false, and its agricultural wealth meaning little to men bent on quick riches and glory. Having little exportable wealth to contribute to Europe's coffers, Guatemala was excluded from the itinerary of the great trading fleets and took rank among the least of the possessions of the Spanish crown. Since independence, which came to her almost unasked, Guatemala's main struggle has been to develop some exportable product that would admit her to respectable standing among the trading nations of the world. This has involved loans from abroad, defaults, graft and a long century of political chaos such as can be matched in few other regions of the globe.

But despite the fact that Guatemala until

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lately had little to export, it is the richest, the most populous and most influential of the Central American republics, with the largest investment of foreign capital, and strategically placed next door to the Panama Canal. For that reason, Guatemala bids fair to play an important role in coming world affairs. United States interests dominate the railroads and banana production and trade; the British have played the leading role in financing foreign loans; and the Germans lead in manufactures, have the largest interest in coffee production and export. That these three interests are bound to clash—and maybe soon — there can be no doubt. Hence students of world affairs, business men and public officials will find *Guatemala* an increasingly important volume to have at hand.

The volume is compressed into three cross-sections running in chronological parallel, from the pre-conquest period to the present and, necessarily, interlocked. Although written with utmost clearness the book is so jammed with facts that it cannot be read hastily or summarized briefly.

GRANDMOTHER O KYO. *By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. New York: Doubleday Doran. 1940. 306 pages. $2.50.*

This is the story and picture of Japan today, chiefly remarkable for its war background—the first Japanese novel with a wartime setting to appear in this country. For this reason *Grandmother O Kyo* is of special interest in that it shows how the Japanese adventure in China changed slowly from its first status as an "incident," as it depicts a people, fervent and pathetically loyal in their sacrifices for what they believe is a holy cause.

The story revolves around a lovable matriarch of the old school who lives for two things—the celebration of her eighty-eighth birthday and the return of her favorite grandson from the battlefields of China. The old Grandmother possesses that combination of firmness and gentleness which characterizes the best of all women. Proud of the military tradition of her family, the old lady distrusts foreign innovations, such as radios and cameras, and wishes above all else to adhere to the old customs even to the minutest domestic economies.

Grandmother O Kyo fails to achieve the charm of Mrs. Sugimoto's *A Daughter of the Samurai,* with which the author achieved a literary reputation in America. But this is understandable, in that *A Daughter of the Samurai* was Mrs. Sugimoto's own story while her latest book is merely a tender, charming and graceful little story which poses no problems. The war in China is taken for granted, and its ethics are not discussed. What interests Mrs. Sugimoto is the effect of the war upon the lives of Grandmother O Kyo and her family, to whom it brings loss, glory, hardship and change. It is the story of a very gallant old woman in a glamorous setting.

SIAM IN TRANSITION. *By Kenneth Perry Landon. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd. (Distributed in the U. S. by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.) 1940. 328 pages and map. $2.50.*

Because the Far East looms so importantly in the news, now especially the area of Indo-China, Burma, the Malay States and the Dutch East Indies, this volume on Siam is valuable since Siam will no doubt play a large role in Asiatic affairs when, and if, Japan implements her "Monroe Doctrine" calling for an Asia for Asiatics.

It is an interesting fact that, while there are thousands of volumes on the Orient discussing in detail such subjects as Japanese gardens and Chinese windows, Siam's share in a library of these would be one medium-sized bookcase. And most of this slim shelf of books would consist of traveller's reports of what they have seen. The books on any phase of Siamese life published in English since the revolution of 1932, which suddenly transformed the last absolute monarchy in Asia into something approaching a democracy, can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Since none of them has been relative to the subject here discussed, the material for it has been drawn from Siamese sources, newspapers, pamphlets, interviews and official government reports. It therefore represents the first furrow in a field yet to be ploughed.

The book discusses political trends since the revolution of 1932, discusses causes of the revolt, describes the leaders and sets forth the results; the economic trends are completely reported besides the ethnic, educational, medical, artistic and religious fields.

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One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the character of the Siamese themselves, with a full discussion of crime, woman's place in society and family life as a whole.

To those of whom Siam—now officially known as Thailand—is some vague and distant Land of the White Elephant, this volume is a revelation; students of Oriental affairs will find it invaluable.

POETS AND POETRY

French Poets and the War

By EUGENE JOLAS

IN THE confusion and grief, into which the tragedy of France has thrown her friends, I think of the French poets and the fate of poetry under the new régime. Will the rich effervescence of the romantic and mystic revolution that had been going on for some years be swallowed up in the political chaos? Will the poets who wrote under various aggressive *étiquettes* (*surréalisme, neo-catholicism, vitalism, populism, neo-classicism*) be condemned to silence? Will the religious mood that was shaping itself before and during the war collapse in the face of neo-pagan barbarism? Will Whitmanesque humanism be strangled by a nationalist, totalitarian dictatorship? Or will the magnificent forces that made French poetry for the past fifty years the pride of European culture and the perennial source of inspiration for poets all over the world continue in the spirit of the secret revolt which despotism always elicits?

Before the outbreak of the war French poetry was going towards a metaphysical revaluation that sought its roots in the mood of the Gothic tradition. A Catholic revival was under way. The influence of Léon Bloy, Paul Claudel, and especially Charles Péguy (who died heroically in the first Battle of the Marne in 1914) emerged everywhere. A. M. Petitjean, in a much-discussed essay that appeared shortly before the war in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, announced the solidarity of French youth with the visions of Péguy. (Unfortunately the facts did not justify his faith.) The esthetic theories of Jacques Maritain were taken up by Jean Lelouet and his friends in the *Nouvelle Revue* where their own poems showed traces of neo-thomist ideas. Poetry became analogous to a mystic operation. At the opposite pole there was surréalisme which was still active, although going toward its decline. It had been a great romantic movement, but its militant anti-metaphysical or anti-transcendentalist attitude led it into a cul-de-sac. The new diabolism collapsed before the surge of a spiritual renewal. It had opened the gates to the grotesque rather than to the wonderful. Its method of disorganization and dissociation were part of what was known as the *post-war disquiet*. It opened new dimensions and perspectives in a descending mysticism. It was primarily a method

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of knowledge, but not an organ of poetic creation. It remained always an amorphous torso. Its actual creative achievements were of a minor character, if we except the work of Breton, Aragon and Eluard.

Thierry Maulnier, a member of the right-wing group of critics, issued his *Introduction to French Poetry* which started a series of violent controversies. He selected representative poems from the work of Villon, Scève, Ronsard, ending with Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Maurras, Cocteau and others. There were many sensational absences: Verlaine was completely left out. So was Paul Claudel. The dry and lugubrious Maurras, of the *Action Francaise*, was given a long representation. There was Cocteau, but Paul Eluard was missing. Yet the 100 pages of his critical preface have a challenging ring and are rich in new perceptions. His exposé of the surréalist effort is the best negative critical analysis I have seen made of that school.

THE apocalyptic outbreak of the war swept most of the poets into the martial flood. One by one they left in those sultry days of September 1939. The literary cafés became empty. Silence settled over the Deux-Magots, where violent discussions had been the custom. André Breton, chief of the surréalistes, who had held court here for so many years, said good-bye to his friends and disciples, and joined the medical corps as officer. Paul Eluard and Benjamin Péret left. Blaise Cendrars waited for the official declaration of war by France at five o'clock that September Sunday to box the ears of a littérateur with whom he had been at loggerheads for some time. Louis Aragon and Raymond Queneau left for the front. The last meeting of the *Ecole de Sociologie* was held in the little bookshop, where its founders Georges Bataille, Michel Leiris, Georges Duthuit, Roger Caillois, had met so often for lectures and debates. They had been engaged in a research for a new myth, for a ritual sense of living and creation, when the mobilization papers came. The new school of *vitalism*, founded by Marcel Sauvage, issued its last manifestoes demanding a cosmic vision. The last Dada monstrosities of Tristan Tzara were received in silence. Paul Eluard, before joining his regiment, issued his *Chanson Complète*, in which he included poems that emerged from the surréalist dogmas and tended toward a world of crystalline splendor. Léon-Paul Fargue, beyond military age, joined Jean Giraudoux's Bureau of Information, after issuing his *Le Piéton de Paris*, rich in metaphor and images. Saint-Pol-Roux, the Breton symbolist poet, published his *Supplique du Christ*, a moving book against anti-Semitism: "Ah, do not crucify, do not crucify the royal race of the abolished centuries, the race of holy men and pretty women, whose magical look evoked my Beauty," he wrote.

The war did not stop the evolution of poetry in France. Publication was more difficult, but new reviews appeared at the front, some of them continuing the creative action begun in Paris. Thus *l'Alerte de Strasbourg* tried to continue the *vitalist* action from the Maginot Line. The reviews that were issued by the soldiers were full of poems and critical articles about poetry. *Poètes Casqués* published poems by Aragon, André

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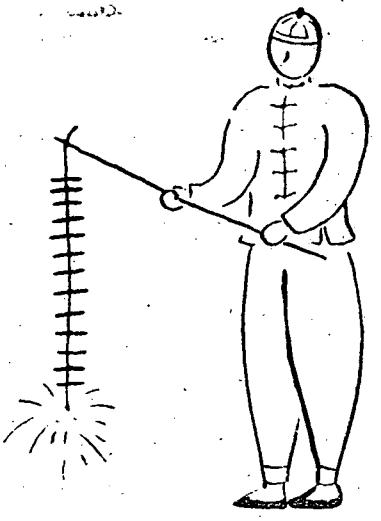
de Richaud and Patrice de la Tour du Pin. The latter, one of France's youngest and greatest poets, was wounded and captured in the first weeks of the fighting on the Maginot Line. There were magazines issued by soldiers that were named: *Giration, La Libre Parole* and others. *Volontés*, directed by the remarkable Georges Pelorson, continued, albeit with a more political, or rather metapolitical, direction. *Mesures* presented war-poems by Louis Aragon, René Daunal, Audiberti, Henry Michaux. The *Riders of the Apocalypse* by Jean-Pierre Jouve, which the poet had begun before the war, were continued. I quote a translation of the *White Horse*:

And he is called the word of God
He will break them for His force is golden-red
For He possesses the white breast-piece the golden reins
The machine-gun angels of destruction
And also the memory of the peoples of Adam
Trustful of Justice after the long fault
Immense seeing Eye
The enormous sky on the freshness of the immense war
And mercy on its two sides



Maurice Betz, an artillery officer stationed on the Sarre front, republished his translation of *The Love and Death of the Cornet Rilke* by Rainer Maria Rilke, with a preface written from the front which I quote: "The sleepless nights are long, while we wait for the orders to shoot. The sleepers snore beside me. The stove is smoking. A wind-shaken fir-branch rakes our tin roof between two blasts of the 155. But a very gentle light suddenly seems to rise from these pages offering to my dreams something like an exultant liberty. O music, O past, and all the incomplete memories of the time I was myself! Goodbye, Cornet!"

In Paris itself there was a plethora of poetic activity. Numerous *matinées poétiques* were held at the *Théatre Français*. Marie Noël, the poet, presented her *Rosaire des Joies* at the Noctambules. Mme. Van Veen at the *Lumina Brasserie* united poets of the younger and older generation. At the *Rideau de Paris* there were séances devoted to *Humor and Poetry*; and to *Love and Poetry* by Marcelle Auclair; and a remarkable afternoon organized by Roger Lannes on the subject of the *After-War and Poetry*. The memory of Guillaume Appollinaire was evoked at the same theater a little later.

Then the great living poet Léon-Paul Fargue, "the deep sea diver of the air," was feted in a séance that brought all of literary Paris to the theater.

We may await the development of French poetry after the war with the greatest curiosity. Whatever its direction may be, it will continue its immortal tradition of being workshop and creation.

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BOOKS ABROAD

HUXLEY FINDS GOD

(Emily Hahn in *T'ien Hsia Monthly*, Shanghai)

IT MUST be very uncomfortable to be Mr. Huxley. If we are preordained by our natures for certain careers, he was destined for the life of a medieval mystic. He has the reflective mind and the emotional disgust, the passionate desire to discover man's spiritual fate, and the deep urge to preach to sweating humanity from a cool, quiet cell. Instead he was born into the Huxley family and into the age which inherits its methods of scientific research and its curiosity from his grandfather. Before ever Aldous Huxley had crystallized in respect to his philosophy he was pitched into a laboratory world. It would have been fatal for a man of less vigor: fortunately for him and for us, Huxley is amazingly vigorous. He rises above the conflicts of his nature every now and then by virtue of the accident that he is a story-teller. Because of this, instead of philosophical treatises (which he incorporates in his novels), instead of essays (except every now and again), instead of poetry (save for a few exceptions), Aldous Huxley writes novels. With his characters he works out his ideas, so that at the end of the book one feels that Huxley is once more tranquil and at rest in his own laboratory, going ahead with his program and free of both novel writing and the confusing, disobedient world—until the next time.

It has always puzzled me that the critics so misjudged Huxley when he was younger, publishing his first books. They referred to him then as a typical product of that famous Younger Generation they were always talking about, preaching disillusion and despair and futility, whereas it should have been obvious that a man really possessed by despair and a sense of futility would never have written of it so passionately. He would never have written at all. Only the idealist can satirize.

True, *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* were more purely narrative than are his later works, but they can scarcely be described as suitable for light week-end reading, even so. *Point Counterpoint* surprised some people because it was more downright and didactic, but it was the natural development of the first novels; scarcely anything in it was more than his earlier ideas enlarged and carried further. He was still obsessed by human behavior; he was still an observer and little more. He was, however, beginning to find answers to some of the questions which he had always asked of himself. Psychology nearly satisfied him. Huxley may have been happier at that period than he has ever been since, not realizing that psychology could not bring surcease to a mind like his. After that peaceful period he began, inevitably, to ask himself bigger and less comfortable questions than ever.

Point Counterpoint and its related writings may have surprised Mr. Huxley's readers, but *Brave New World* came as a real shock. T. S. Eliot became an Anglo-Catholic; Huxley published *Brave New World*. The two actions were parallel, but Huxley's was far more surprising. As I am fond of remembering, somebody summed the matter up in saying, "Aldous is fighting the battles of Chesterton in the armor of H. G. Wells." The armor *was* somewhat Wellsian, because both Huxley and Wells grapple with the problem of scientific research and its effect upon the human world, but the battle was far more Huxley's than Chesterton's. Chesterton after all had only one battle which he fought over and over, with his own reflection toward the end because nobody else troubled to oppose him. Chesterton's fighting technique degenerated through the years into the formalized ballet of Chinese swordplay, but Huxley abandoned the field and went further abroad in search of harder struggles. He found them. He always will.

Brave New World was a good-tempered, amusing version of the question raised by Bertrand Russell when he had his duel with Haldane on the subject of Science and the Future. Huxley's novel was published at what travelling salesmen call "the psychological moment," just when most of us were very proud of ourselves and exulting in the addition, year by year, to our list of scientific achievements, in the studies of biochemistry, electro-activity and all other departments of science save, perhaps, pure mathematics. The more we regarded pure mathematics the more it betrayed a tendency to apply itself to life, to bring us to this

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or that practical conclusion—thus becoming, as it were, impure. Mr. Huxley didn't care at that moment, however, which sciences were behaving themselves and which were disappointing the savants. He rejected them all, from physics to metaphysics. He was interested only in showing that better machinery and test-tube creation do not necessarily built a better Kingdom of God. That is, I think this was his idea. I am not sure, now, if he went so far as to talk about God outright, without hiding behind a character in the novel, but I am certain that the conception of God did shine through now and then. Science is not enough, he said, but he said it so lightheartedly that most of us laughed for a while and then forgot about it. Then Mr. Huxley published *Eyeless in Gaza.*

Many of his earlier admirers were outraged by this. He had at last, they said, gone too far. Some of them were estranged by the "flash-back" method of telling the story—I myself did not like it very much—but others were more deeply hurt and surprised by the philosophy behind the narrative. He had gone a long, long way from his early days of observation and reporting. The same fundamentals were there, but something had been added. He still described men and women struggling against truth and losing the battle because they were armed only with outworn, falsely romantic conceptions of human behavior. There was still the questioning man, being led aside from his search for the ideal by his appetites. There was the uphappy woman, less reflective, more directly emotional, shocked and wounded into bitter acceptance of a stop-gap life. But where the younger Huxley would have portrayed these people as they were and for what they were worth at the time, the new Huxley stayed with them for a little, offering them an answer, a method, a panacea—a God. It was not really a new God, it was Huxley's own, the one he had been carrying with him for a long time, altering it and giving it new names now and then. In *Eyeless in Gaza*, however, he offered it for the first time to the external world.

He preached a new conception of Christ's lesson, love and non-resistance, though his "non-violence" is more Buddhistic than Christian. Huxley's love for his fellow-man is far more closely related, however, to that of certain Christian saints than to the Asiatic attitude. He loves humanity with disdain and a fierce sense of duty; his bursts of warmth he regrets, and tries to cancel them with protestations of cool detachment. Sometimes he is very like Swift, whose nature he once analyzed superbly, perhaps, because he understands it so well. Swift flashes out in hatred against ugly Nature and uglier Man, but Huxley repeats to himself, patiently and over and over, that Man *is* Nature, that ugliness is in the eye of the beholder, that what is is, and that he hates nothing, not even hateful Man. Behind his controlled denial we sense the quivering of outraged flesh, the brain loathing its weakness.

Some of this anger is directed not so much against unornamented facts as at the poets and novelists whose pretty lies he read, like the rest of us, in his youth. Shelley, Browning, the Latin romantics—it is not only in the cloister of the laboratory that we discover what liars they were. I remember an essay of Huxley's in which he called attention, years ago, to the unchivalrous behavior of cats when they make love. That brutality and hatred that are a part of sex, he implied, is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to watch his housepets. It is quite as obvious in the owners of the pets, but most people refuse to admit it in themselves or in other humans, preferring the blindness of literature.

> But oh, the sound of simian mirth
> Mind, issued from the monkey's womb,
> Is still umbilical to earth,
> Earth its home and earth its tomb.

HUXLEY has been deeply impressed by Zuckerman's studies of the social life of monkeys and apes. The habits of the hamadryas baboons of Monkey Hill have impressed other people too, among them the anthropologist Ernest Hooton, whose deductions therefrom are notably optimistic when we compare them with Huxley's. Hooton cities the baboons as an example, negatively, of what we have done since we evolved from their state, and even baboons, he says, have a better society-pattern at home than in Regent's Park, because in Regent's Park they are not normal; they are captive. Huxley, no doubt, would retort that we too are captive. He is fascinated by the similarities between their behavior and ours;

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again and again he refers to them, even in his poetry anthology, *Texts and Pretexts*.

There, by the way, he indulged in the joys of scholarship, those same joys which in *After Many a Summer* he dismisses as inept and luxurious. The errant thoughts, the kernels of ideas which he offers in this delightful collection are like the disquisitions he used to place in the mouths of some of his characters. Indeed I was haunted by a memory while I read of Jeremy Pordage in *After Many a Summer*, and it was not until a week later that I realized how nearly Jeremy must approximate Huxley's later opinion of the man who wrote *Texts and Pretexts*. It is as if he had examined his many personalities and then discarded some of them, throwing them out with affectionate contempt to sprawl on the pages of his novels. Every novelist does this to some extent, of course, but Huxley is so consistent, even when his philosophy is not, that the process is dazzlingly clear.

The relationship between *After Many a Summer* and *Ends and Means* is even clearer than that. *Ends and Means* is a volume of connected essays, or rather a statement of Huxley's beliefs in which no personalities intrude between him and ourselves. The novel, however, is a projection of these same beliefs, and because it is a novel it will probably be read by many more people, of the sort who prefer to ingest new thoughts painlessly—a sort which includes most of us. I do not think that Mr. Huxley sat down and figured this out deliberately, or that he said to himself, "Few people worried about slavery in America, for example, until they read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, though it was before their eyes all the time." I think he wrote the novel because he is a novelist by nature, and he put Mr. Propter into it because he is not only a novelist. As a novel *After Many a Summer* would go better without quite so much of Mr. Propter, who out-talks the wordiest of Wells' mouthpieces; the story suffers from his zeal. I don't think Mr. Huxley minds that, even if he knows it. He wants quite as much to deliver Mr. Propter's message as to tell a story; at times he would prefer, actually, to sacrifice any number of novels to Mr. Propter. Aldous Huxley doesn't approve of novels anyway. They are not enough. "Scientists and artists are men devoted to what we vaguely call an ideal. But what is an ideal? An ideal is merely the projection, on an enormously enlarged scale, of some aspect of personality."

Nevertheless, I think he knows that the novel can do what the straight address cannot. One is not tied down to one or two theses in a novel; the incidents of daily life can all be called upon to point to side-issues; the book is enriched. For example, there is a family of "transients" in *After Many a Summer*, fruit-pickers who have been dispossessed of their Kansas farm. One immediately remembers the Joads in *Grapes of Wrath*, not because these people are like them, but because they are so different. It is an obvious and deliberate difference; Mr. Huxley was evidently impatient of the sentimentality of the Steinbeck book, and felt impelled to place the picture of the transient where it belongs in the pattern, in proper proportion. The Steinbecks, leaders of people like Peter Boone in *After Many a Summer*, draw attention to the misery of the Joads by making them sympathetic characters, subjected to horrible suffering through the wickedness of the rich. They cry out indignantly that something ought to be done about it; they promise themselves that something, thank God, *will* be done.

The Propters and the Huxleys do not look at the Joads in that light. They take a more distant and inclusive view. Mr. Propter's transient is a disagreeable person, "alternately self-pitying, violent and morose," "a peon and a pariah; and the experience was making a worse man of him." It is the fault, complains the pariah, of his luck—the wheat market, the droughts, folks. . . .

"It is easier," reflects Mr. Propter, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an involuntarily poor man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Here, for example, was this poor devil from Kansas . . . compensating himself for his misfortunes by brutality to those weaker than himself. The way he yelled at the children. . . ." The stupidest text in the Bible, said Mr. Propter, is, "They hated me without a cause."

At the other end of the line between extremes is Jo Stoyte, the super-millionaire, who is also miserable: to quote *Ends and Means*, page 162, "(a retiring judge) has observed . . . that increase of income tended to result in increase of personal satisfaction

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up to a limit of about £5,000 a year. After that figure, satisfaction seemed generally to decline. (Non-attachment, we might add, becomes difficult or impossible for most people at a point considerably below this figure . . . . The possession of considerable wealth causes men to identify themselves with what is less than self—does so as effectively as the possession of means so small that the individual suffers hunger and continual anxiety . . .).”

Mr. Propter's scheme for dealing with the problems that face all of us, including the extremes of Stoyte and the Kansas transient, is to be found in *Ends and Means*, both at the beginning where he discusses “non-attachment” and in the chapter entitled “Individual Work and Reform,” but he simplifies the plan in order to explain it to his new disciple Peter Boone, the laboratory assistant to Obispo, Stoyte's physician. Pete has fought in Spain with the Communists:

“Any act that contributes toward the liberation of those concerned in it—I'd call it a good act.”

“Liberation?” the young man repeated dubiously. The words, in his mind, carried only economic and revolutionary connotations. But it was evident that Mr. Propter wasn't talking about the necessity for getting rid of capitalism. “Liberation from what?” . . .

“Liberation from time,” he said. “Liberation from craving and revulsions. Liberation from personality.”

“But heck,” said Pete, “you're always talking about democracy. Doesn't that mean respecting personality?”

“Of course,” Mr. Propter agreed. “Respecting it in order that it may be able to transcend itself. Slavery and fanaticism intensify the obsession with time and evil and the self . . . . Potential good is anything that helps you to get out of prison. Actualized good lies outside the prison, in timelessness, in the state of pure, disinterested consciousness.”

. . . “But, hell!” Pete broke out, “what do you expect people to do when they're attacked by the fascists? Sit down and let their throats be cut?”

“Of course not,” said Mr. Propter. “I *expect* them to fight. And the expectation is based on my previous knowledge of human behavior. But the fact that people generally do react to that kind of situation in that kind of way doesn't prove that it's the best way of reacting. Experience makes me expect that they'll behave like that. But experience also makes me expect that, if they do behave like that, the results will be disastrous.”

“Well, how do you want us to act? Do you want us to sit still and do nothing?”

“Not nothing,” said Mr. Propter. “Merely something appropriate.” . . .

“But those boys, back there in Spain,” he burst out. “You didn't know them, Mr. Propter. They were wonderful, really they were. Never mean to you, and brave, and loyal and . . . and everything . . . . They were living for something much bigger than themselves—like what you were talking about just now; you know, something more than just personal.”

“And what about Hitler's boys?” Mr. Propter asked . . .

“. . . All those feelings, Mr. Propter—I just can't believe they didn't mean something.”

“They meant themselves,” said Mr. Propter.

His practical suggestions: “If you want to make the world safe for animals and spirits, you must have a system that reduces the amount of fear and greed and hatred and domineering to their minimum. Which means that you must have enough economic security to get rid at least of that source of worry. . . . Peasants plus small machines plus power. Which means that they're no longer peasants, except in so far as they're largely self-sufficient. . . . What can't be made satisfactorily except by mass-production methods, obviously has to go on being made that way. About a third of all production—that's what it seems to amount to. The other two-thirds are more economically produced at home or in a small workshop. The immediate, practical problem is to work out the technique of that small-scale production. At present, all the research is going to the discovery of new fields for mass production.”

WHILE Propter lives in his bungalow and teaches Pete, the people in Jo Stoyte's castle (a sort of burlesque, if such a thing be possible, of Hearst's famous California ranch) are floundering about in that civilization which Mr. Propter is trying to re-

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vamp. Jeremy Pordage is happy enough, for he has long since given in to his own deficiencies; a scholar of harmless, dry, whimsical humor, he accepts the tyrannical possessiveness of his mother and compensates for missed experiences with quiet personal satisfactions. He is almost out of contact with the world, insulated by a small income and an education. Stoyte, his employer, is miserable and ridden by fear of age and death. He finds happiness only in Virginia Maunciple, the little show-girl he has adopted as mistress and child in one. Virginia, "the Baby," is almost too simple to be true, a lovely little animal without any capacity for connected thought or even consistent desire, until Obispo introduces her to the extremes of pleasure. Until then her appetites are few and her spiritual yearning, if such a rudimentary emotion can be so described, is satisfied by her religion; Virginia is a Catholic, and as superstitious as any savage.

Obispo, the doctor, is so convincing a character that it is painful to read about him. So many doctors do go the way of Obispo! Hard as nails, calculating, aggressively somatic in his philosophy. "He was in the highest of spirits. His work in the laboratory was coming along unexpectedly well; that new preparation of bile salts had done wonders for his liver; the rearmament boom had sent his aircraft shares up another three points; and it was obvious that Virginia wasn't going to hold out much longer." Obispo's laboratory work is the outcome of his ambition to do research plus Stoyte's terror of dying; he and Pete are searching for the secret of longevity. The doctor has formulated a theory based on the fact that some animals live much longer than others—fish, for example, which exist for hundreds of years. . . .

But it is Jeremy who discovers in the Hauberk Papers that an eighteenth-century Earl had the same idea, and made experiments upon himself. Obispo resolves to follow up that line of inquiry; he goes to the Hauberk family and ruthlessly discloses their secret . . . .

THE final scene in *After Many a Summer* is unforgettable. Though Mr. Propter has not accompanied Obispo, Stoyte and the Baby to England, his spirit permeates the cave where they stand, though there is none

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of his philosophy in Obispo's loud metallic laughter, in Stoyte's shamefaced pleading for more and more life no matter what the degradation, in Virginia's tired, confused, conscience-ridden little brain.

I often wonder what is the greatest strength of Mr. Huxley's writing. Conditioned as I am by too much Ruskin in my early youth, I am ashamed to admit that I am stimulated and delighted when I come across familiar characteristics in his people and familiar ideas in his dialogue. Yet why else do we read Shakespeare? . . . when we do, that is. I think I must defy Ruskin and point for example to this note from the Journal of the experimental Earl of Gonister:

"May 1799. The most promiscuously abandoned Females especially among Women of Quality, are often those to whom an unkind Nature has denied the ordinary Reason and Excuse for Gallantry. Cut off by a constitutional Frigidity from the enjoyments of Pleasure, they are in everlasting rebellion against their Fate. The power which drives them on to multiply the number of their Gallantries is not Sensuality, but Hope: not the wish to reiterate the experience of a familiar Bliss, but rather the aspiration toward a common and much vaunted Felicity which they themselves have had the misfortune never to know."

It is so true. I have tried so many times to express it. It is exasperating and delightful (or, as Jeremy Pordage would say, delicious) to hear it said by Mr. Huxley. I fear I shall always read him as novelist rather than prophet, though Mr. Propter would be rendered sorrowful by this confession. The publishers call *After Many a Summer* a "kind of fantastic parable on the theme 'God is not mocked.'" Like "the Baby," this description is over-simplified. Mr. Huxley does not speak in parables. He proves, scientifically, that God is not mocked, and if he indulges his fancy in supplying the proof, it is no more than we expect from a saint in a laboratory.

IN HIS next novel will Mr. Huxley go further? And if so, in what direction? He has already worked himself up to mentioning God without more than one apology; he can say "this is good" and "this is bad" without flinching. I feel that he has gone further than most scientifically-trained men and that he will never, now, give us a mathematical formula for God, as many scientists do in their old age. Still, with Huxley you never can tell.

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Our Readers Say:

(The following communication has been received from the London office of the International P.E.N. Club.)

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Sir:

At this moment when the future, not of our nation alone but that of all nations, is being decided, we, the undersigned English writers, ask to be heard by the writers of other countries. Our country has been blamed in the past for actions most manifestly taken because we hoped by them to avert war. We failed. We failed to check the deliberate and carefully prepared violence which has invaded and killed in one country after another, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France. Where the invading armies of Germany have gone, unarmed men and women and children have been mercilessly killed, and freedom of mind and spirit has been crushed out.

It is not only life which is threatened. It is freedom of conscience, and if it is lost, as it is lost wherever the Nazi power extends, life itself is not worth a breath. We ask all those who have still the liberty to speak, and to think, to consider what this means.

We ask you to make it clear to people in your country that we are not fighting only for ourselves, but for the belief we share with every man, of any race and religion, who holds that men should respect each other and minds should be free. We are fighting for our own lives. We are fighting in the hope to end this war before more children, innocent if anyone is, have been slaughtered, in their homes and as they flee from their homes. But in as much as we are fighting for the consciences of our

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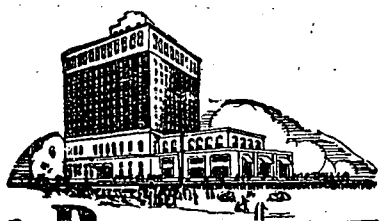

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